THE BYSTANDER
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AUGUST 17, 1932

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The BYSTANDER

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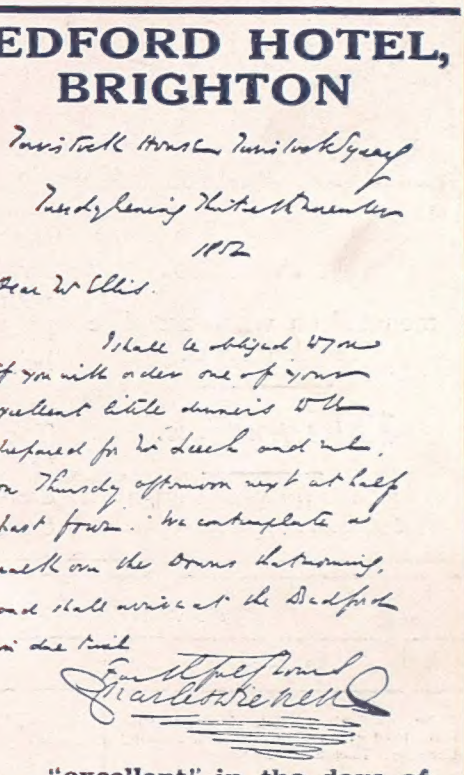

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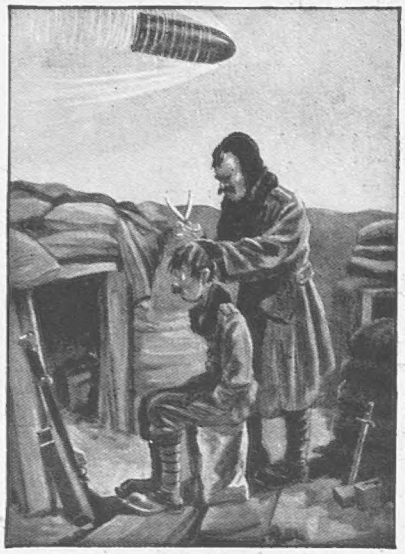

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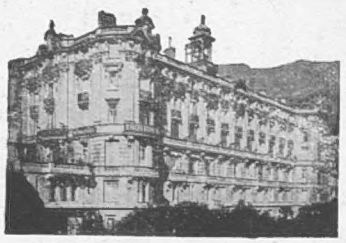

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JERSEY—*continued*

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The Bystander, August 17, 1932

No. 1496. Vol. CXV.

The BYSTANDER

Paul Tanqueray

MISS ANN CHARTERIS

One of the important engagements of this summer was that of Miss Ann Charteris, daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris and granddaughter of the Earl and Countess of Wemyss, to Lord O'Neill; they are to be married in October. Lord O'Neill, whose father was killed in the War, succeeded his grandfather in 1928

Beyond the Blue Horizon

Miss Maxime Elliott and her Guests at Cannes

Sun-bathing de Luxe

Above: Sir Neville and Lady Pearson (Gladys Cooper) sun-bathing by the swimming pool at the Villa Horizon, where they were guests of Miss Maxime Elliott. Below: Lord Ratendone, Lady Pearson and Sir Neville Pearson working off the effects of the sun and getting an appetite for lunch

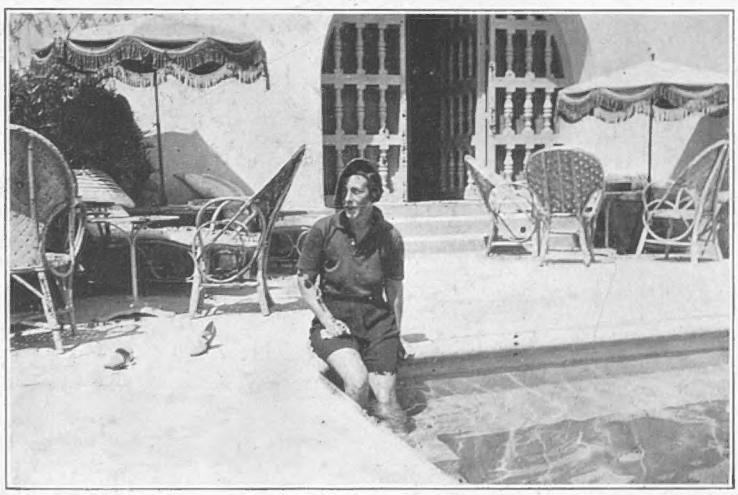
The Order of the Bath-towel

Lord Ratendone, better known as the Hon. Inigo Freeman-Thomas, the son of the Earl and Countess of Willingdon, has been staying with Miss Maxime Elliott at her lovely villa just outside Cannes

Doing their daily dozen

The Siesta

On the left is another guest at the Villa Horizon, the Hon. Mrs. Fred Cripps, on holiday from her beauty and hairdressing business in Bond Street, paddling in the swimming pool, and above are Miss Maxime Elliott and Lady Pearson resting in the shade for a change; Kiki, Miss Elliott's pet monkey, shares Lady Pearson's long chair



The Hon. Mrs. Fred Cripps Paddling

Photographs by Woodbury

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Chetwynd, who are wandering along the Riviera, were at Cap d'Antibes when this photograph was taken. They are walking down to the Roc to bathe

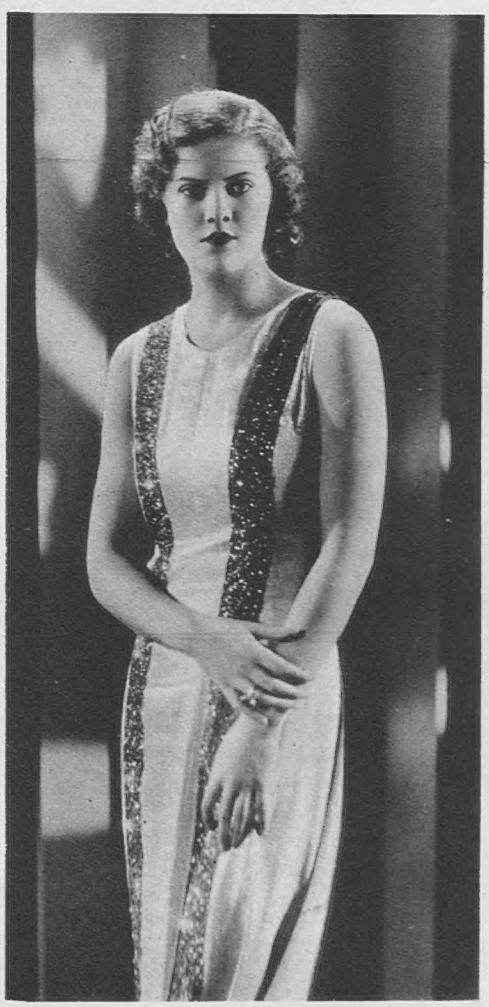
LONDON is an extraordinary place. It is little or no exaggeration to say that it is just as smart to be here as in the South of France, although we are in the middle of a heat wave in August. All the younger members of the Royal family were in London last week. The Prince of Wales was at the Blue Train Grill. The Duke of Gloucester had his suit-case stolen from his car in Conduit Street. The Duke and Duchess of York were at the Savoy with the Plunkets.

I HAVE never seen them there before, and they may not have relished the stares and exclamations from some of the American visitors, whose excitement over seeing Royalty at close quarters seems to be as irrepressible as ever. But they had certainly come to the right place from the point of view of entertainment. The three Swifts always make me laugh my head off. Major Cecil Boyd-Rochfort was with Sir Humphrey de Trafford, whom I had seen earlier in the day at the Ritz, and also Mr. Widener, the American millionaire, whose horses he trains.

Above: Prince Arthur of Connaught, with his son, the Earl of Macduff, and a friend, watching the army manœuvres last week on Bagshot Heath

AT another table were Charles Hambro, Tom Purdey, and Ivan Cobbold, one of the finest shots in the country, and the brother of Ralph Cobbold, who, I am glad to say, has been successfully dieted out of the necessity of the major operation which threatened him. He must be pretty tired of milk by this time, for that has formed his staple food all through the summer. Mr. Max Aitken and Mr. Charles Sweeney, who had been playing golf at Walton Heath with the portly Viscount, were at Quaglino's the other night. So, too, were Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam, back from France, Lord Tweedmouth, jolly as ever, the ex-King of Greece with Princess Irene and Queen Helen of Rumania, Lord Queensberry, "Tim" Birkin, and goodness knows who else.

AT the Ritz it is no longer necessary to wear smart clothes, but the palm court was as crowded as ever when I had cocktails there the other morning. Lord Blandford appeared in a loose brown suit without a waistcoat. Another leader of fashion positively wore grey flannel trousers. And why not? Elsewhere in London in the past few days I have seen the Duchess of Sutherland, Lord and Lady Stanley, Lady Rosebery, back from Munich, Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish, back from the South of France, and Sir Ronald Graham, who has just returned from his ambassadorial duties at Rome.



Edmund Harrington

A new portrait of Lady Mary Lygon, the third of the four good-looking Lygon sisters. Lady Lettice Cotterell is the eldest, and Lady Sibell, who comes between them, is now well established in the world of journalism

Arthur Owen

At the Cocktail Bar

Lady Pamela Smith and Mr. Randolph Churchill were among those present at Lady Baring's charity dance in Cowes Week

One More Echo from Cowes Week:

The annual charity dance arranged by Lady Baring, which is under the patronage of H.M. the Queen, is one of the big events of life ashore during Cowes Week. Above are Sir Victor Warrender, M.P., and Lady Warrender, who came with a party from their yacht Norada

Surgeon-Commander N. A. H. Barlow, R.N., and Miss Phyllis Ashcraft, daughter of the late Mr. Ashcraft, and Mrs. Ashcraft, leaving Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, after their wedding last week. The guard of honour was formed by naval officers

Miss Mary Martin, sister of Mr. Eric Martin, last year's amateur golf champion, and her fiancé, Mr. Denis Hill-Wood. Mr. Hill-Wood, who is a well-known cricketer, having played for Oxford and Derby, is a son of Sir Samuel Hill-Wood, Chairman of the Arsenal Football Club

ONE cannot, of course, ignore the South of France altogether. Ambrose and his band have arrived at Monte Carlo, and had a very successful début at the Summer Casino before Mrs. Richard Norton, the Grand Duke Dmitri of Russia, Sir Adrian Baillie, and Babe Barnato and his wife, among others. At the Palm Beach Casino at Cannes they had a Maurice Dekobra gala, but, apart from Lord Brownlow and the Duncan Orr-Lewises, the guests seemed mostly to be foreign Princesses with long and rather unpronounceable names.

VICHY, on the other hand, is having a very English season, and the races have been attended by such stalwarts as Lord and Lady Dickinson, Sir Berkeley and Lady Sheffield, and Lady Hadfield. Of Pau, one hears little nowadays since the Casino was closed. The town is still run by Mr. Prince, the wealthy American, who is now in his seventies.

A North-Country wedding was that of Mr. George J. Partington, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Partington, and Miss Jessie Margaret Osborne, only daughter of the late Mr. Edgar Osborne, of Southport, and Mrs. Osborne

Photographs: Arthur Owen

Lady Baring's Charity Ball at Northwood House

Two more of those who helped to make the dance, which was held at Northwood House this year, a success, were Mr. Peter Thursby, Lady Baring's son-in-law, and Lady Milbanke. The latter officiated as one of the cocktail bar-maids

Arthur Owen

The Cocktail Bar Again

Mrs. Claude Grahame-White, better known as Ethel Levy, helping Mrs. Peter Thursby behind the bar. Mrs. Grahame-White arranged the cabaret and sang in it, and Mrs. Thursby, with her brother, Mr. Charles Baring, and Lady Milbanke, ran the very successful cocktail bar

One does not hear much of Deauville either, though Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain are staying quietly at Houlgate, not far away, and Lady Chamberlain had a bouquet of flowers sent to her by the French Premier.

It is not only the South of France to which English visitors have flocked in large numbers and which, incidentally, has helped the French railways despite the fact that the rate of exchange makes the charge for the Blue Train of formidable proportions. Le Touquet for instance. Lord Chesham is there, and Sir Robert Horne and the John Dewars, together with Lady Elizabeth Tollemache, Sir William Garthwaite, Lord Westbury, and Sir Lionel and Lady Earle.

Lenare

Captain Tattersall

Back in London, that recently - engaged couple, Mr. Hill-Wood and Miss Martin Smith, have been dancing happily round. Another engaged couple is Mr. Tattersall, whose first wife, before her marriage, was the beautiful Mona Dunn, Sir John Dunn's daughter, and Miss Peg Jevons. They are getting married on September 1, and are going for their honeymoon to St. Jean de Luz, but they have not yet decided on the church at which they will get married, though I suspect it will be Christ Church, Down Street.

Not everybody knows that Mr. Tattersall got one of the best D.S.O.'s in the War. He got it, indeed, as a subaltern, and would have got the V.C., for which he was recommended, either if he had been killed or if it had not been the first time that the Cavalry had gone into the line as infantrymen, and it might have looked like favouritism if a V.C. had been given. It was in earning his D.S.O. that Captain Tattersall lost his leg. No wonder he is a bit of a cynic.

Janet Jevons

Miss Peg Jevons

Among the newest of engaged couples are Miss Peg Jevons and Captain "Bunny" Tattersall, who will be married in a few weeks, thus fulfilling one of our prophecies of "journalistic engagements"

During these hot nights numbers of people are driving down to the river or its vicinity. Barry Neame, who runs the Hind's Head at Bray, has been having a great success with his establishment, which, though not a road-house itself, blazed the way for the Ace of Spades and others of that ilk. His visitors' book of the last few weeks bristles with the names of well-knowns like the Milford Havens, the Philip Astleys, Sir Harold Wernher, and so on.

Harrovians have been bathing, too, at Cuckoo Weir, while Etonians have gone to their opposite number at Harrow. Egham and Staines have been

At Pourville-sur-Mer: A party waiting, but not, it appears, with too great impatience, for something to eat and drink: Mrs. P. F. Norbury, Major P. F. Norbury, Mr. A. D. Hope, Mrs. Robert Drost, Mr. Billy Gardner, and Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe

other haunts of bathers anxious to keep out of a heated London. Personally, I have done all the bathing I want at the International Sportsmen's Club, or at the Royal Automobile Club. Both are more or less empty, and there is no danger of sneak thieves running away with all your clothes, as happened to Lady Alexandra Haig's party and others in the fairly recent past.

PEOPLE who have returned from Cowes are still talking about Chalena, the brand-new German-built yacht belonging to the McCanns, which I mentioned last week. One more preposterous story after another has been told about its internal luxury and the pride of its owner. Probably Lord Brecknock could tell you most about it, as he was shown all over by Mr. McCann.

A TRAVELLER'S tale from Cowes which still puzzles many people is that a message was received by a certain hostess, who was expecting Royalty to tea, to the effect that it was customary to put out shrimps and a lobster salad for the Royal guests. This was done, but the dishes were left untasted. People are still wondering whether this was meant as a practical joke or not.

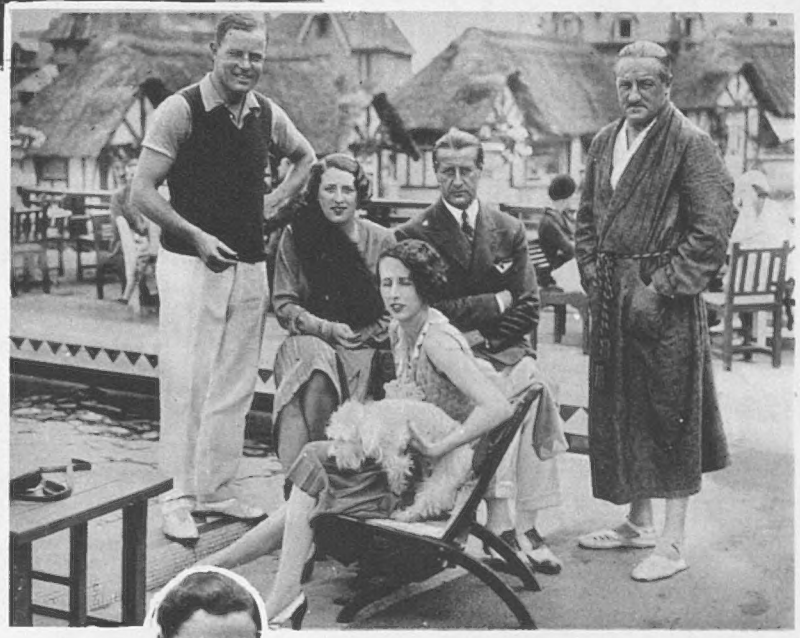
THE best story of a hostess, though, is that of the American who is now entertaining Prince and Princess Aage of Denmark in Paris. They say that when holiday plans were being discussed, someone asked her if she had been to the Dardanelles. "No," was the ready reply, "I've been too busy. But I have got letters of introduction to them."

Birds Who have Not Flown South—

Two more who are holiday-making at Pourville, where the season is in full swing: Miss Betty Rowland and Mr. D. St. Clair Smallwood

BACK in London, Lady Furness, who has not yet been able to make her holiday plans, has been much in evidence. Lady Joan Villiers stayed a few hours on her way through from Dynevor to Sandford. Lady Violet Pakenham was to be observed at the non-stop variety show at the Phœnix. Mr. David Rhys flew with Mr. Leo Russell to his parents' home, but is back at work again. General Critchley has left by air for Coblenz and Hamburg, where he is taking part in the golf championships.

FOR the benefit of holiday-makers I may say that the best courses in Germany are Frankfort, Ems, Hamburg, Wannsee, Coblenz, and Baden-Baden. In Belgium, the best is Zoute, followed by Knocke, Le Coq, and Spa. The Tervueren course outside Brussels



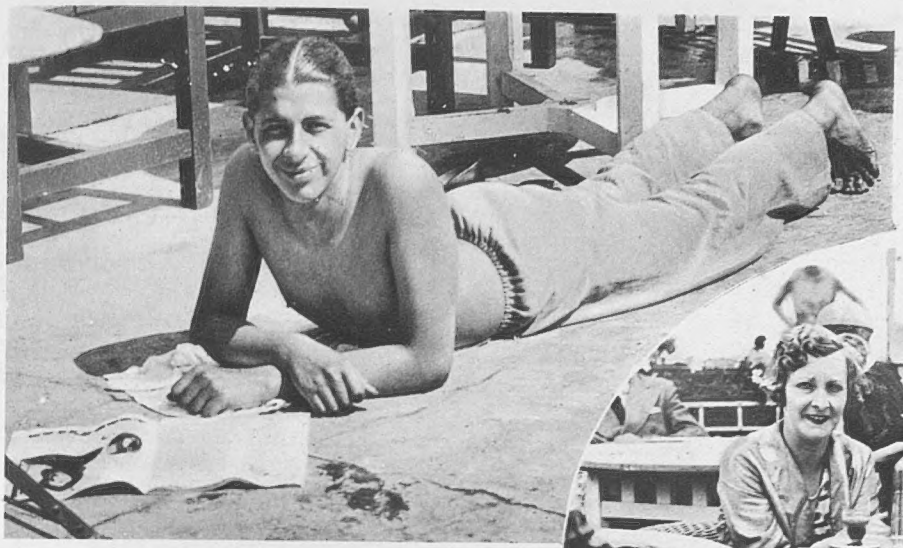
By the swimming-pool at Pourville, but with none of the abandonment of the sun-worshippers in the South: Captain Robert Drost, Miss Celia Palmer, Lady Phyllis Allen, Mr. Billy Gardner, and Colonel Smallwood

is no go in August. There is also a wretched little course outside Ostend. On second thoughts, I would put Spa at the top of the list. It is a cross between Addington and Sunningdale.

IN his varied career up and down the world, C. B. Cochran has acquired an expert knowledge of cookery and wines, which he is shortly to have published, in the course of many amusing reminiscences of good company, under the title, *Food for Thought*. The scope of the book, therefore, includes everything from practical recipes for beef-steak puddings or sheep's-head pie as they should be made, to discussion of rare wines or the table-talk of the many celebrities—and notorieties—with whom he has dined.

SOME shoots in Scotland remain unlet—though not so many as was at one time feared—and Scottish landlords are going to find it difficult to make both ends meet this year. It did not look as if this was so, however, at King's Cross

(*Continued on page 296*)



Left: Sun-bathing by the pool of the Grand Hotel, which is one of the rallying grounds for Pourville visitors, is the Rajkumar of Pudakota

Above: In one of the parties on the terrace of the Grand Hotel, at the hour for the apéritif, were Miss Irene Wells, Miss Botterot, and the Hon. Mrs. Frank Hopwood, wife of Lord Southborough's second son

Above: An attractive group of the younger generation at Pourville was posed by the three Mawby sisters, known as the "Hollywood triplet," as they have been out there, with their mother, doing film-work. The fourth in the group is Belle, their Scottish setter

And yet another Pourville photograph: Miss Nina Beck and Miss Vera Beck taking their typically English five o'clock tea after bathing

—But Have Gone to Pourville Instead

Another party on the terrace having a drink after the afternoon bathe: Prince Stourdza, Princess Stourdza, and Mme. Jacques Japy

Mr. Basil Foster gave a party on the stage after the very successful first night of "Orders are Orders," at the Shaftesbury, and above are his wife and some of his guests in the cocktail bar, the first to be installed in a London theatre: in the group are Mrs. Housman, Mr. Emlyn Jones, Mrs. Basil Foster, Lady Renwick, Sir Robert Renwick, and Mr. Mortimer

Two of the audience at the first night of "Orders are Orders" were the Marchioness of Milford Haven and Sir Harold Wernher, who were photographed together during the interval

(*Continued from page 294*)

and St. Pancras last week, when the sportsmen went North. The fact remains that prices have dropped by a hundred per cent. since the boom of 1928 and 1929. As for pheasants, few people can now afford to lay down as many eggs as was usual in the past, with the result that a bag of a thousand brace, which used not to be out of the common, will be very unusual this year.

On previous pages I have referred to the presence of the younger members of the Royal family in London. By now they have gone: the Duke and Duchess of York to Yorkshire, and the Prince of Wales and Prince George to Corfu. Corfu is a beautiful island, and there still remains the ex-Kaiser's palace. One day people will discover it, as they discovered Brioni and Rhodes. Of the three, I am told that Rhodes, which belongs to Italy, is the loveliest; the only difficulty is its distance from London.

Brioni, with its one motor-car, but innumerable bicycles, is a charming place, as Lady Louis Mountbatten has just discovered. Unfortunately, there is a continuous drone of seaplanes passing over head. But the lobsters and crayfish make up for anything, and the bathing is, in my opinion, even more delightful than at Antibes.

The heat wave in which we have been revelling lately has had the effect of stopping some people going to the South of France, and bringing back others who went there. Last summer many sought the South for the reason that there was so little sun in England, but this year there has been a plethora. In consequence, the East Coast is having a good season, and Frinton, to mention but one place, has been very popular. Harrogate, too, has been extensively patronised, and no more delightful inland spa can be found in England in which to enjoy a heat-wave to the full. There is no necessity there to bask in the sun if one doesn't wish to. Trees there are in plenty, and in the heart of the town itself, while as a centre for exploring the Yorkshire dales and moors, Harrogate is ideal.

ON NEXT WEEK'S MENU:

BLUE BLOOD AND BLACK COATS

By Charles Gay

Photographs by Swaebe

First Nighters in August

Mrs. Elinor Glyn, the well-known novelist, was at the Shaftesbury Theatre with Colonel Ivan Davson, and they were afterwards guests of Mr. Basil Foster at his party on the stage

On the left is Princess Emeline de Broglie, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes by her first husband, the late Prince Jean de Broglie, who has lately announced her engagement to Count Alexandre de Casteja. Princess Emeline de Broglie lives in Paris, but was presented at Court two years ago

Hors d'Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

SOME people talk in an impressive manner. Lady Phyllis Allen, for one, she puts a decided emphasis on all she says; Mrs. Brett, otherwise Zena Dare, has a fascinating drawl; Mrs. Pim has a quick bubbling-over way of talking; Miss Margaret Whigham stammers; Baroness Burton, who has just got married, has a clear, straightforward voice.

LADY QUEENSBERRY, besides being a clever artist, is an excellent motor-driver, and is exceedingly attractive. Her expression is a little severe in repose, but her smile is very charming. She enjoys everything, but is, perhaps, a little critical.

MILLIONAIRES are born to cause eternal triangles.

MRS. DROGO MONTAGU is, perhaps, the loveliest of the Guinness collection. She has a repose which Lady Dufferin lacks, a perfect skin, and, of course, that wonderful corn-coloured hair. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket has refused to cut hers, which is wise, but, oh, so troublesome for milliners! Mrs. Kindersley is the tiniest and perhaps the sweetest Guinness.

IS a not-so-young bachelor really going to run with a recent bride?

THE smartest pyjamas in Cannes are worn by Miss Beatrice Lillie. How well she photographs, and how clever she is! Lady Charles Cavendish, our one and only Adele Astaire, was a tremendous success. We wept and wept when she left. Her tremendous vitality would make any party, place, or country a success.

WHO is very angry with a certain gossip-writer?

Among the English sun-worshippers at Cap d'Antibes are Lady Peel (Beatrice Lillie) and her twelve-year-old son, Robert Peel, who were photographed by the swimming pool, which is the alternative to the sea at the Roc

WHOSE legs look their best in pyjamas? No answers will be rewarded.

THINGS I want to know:
Where are the runaway couple?
What is a clever decorator going to do?
Where is Lady Bridget Poulett?
Does a certain Peer know all he might?
Is a husband getting angry at last?
Is a lovely blonde really in love?
Why Scotland for a brunette?

THIS summer's jewellery is great fun: lumps of coral, jade, turquoise; nothing that sparkles is the rule. Necklaces of bones and stones with gold and silver, huge bracelets of wood or handcuffs of steel. Lovely Mrs. Colclough wears the narrow silver bands which jangle as she walks. Miss Hilary Charles has a big steel clamp for each wrist.

LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE says her lovely white skin is due to drinking milk. Some people we know could do with quarts of it, couldn't they? Mrs. Ormonde Lawson-Johnson, the youngest grandmother in Mayfair, swears by ice every morning; Lady Curzon of Kedlestone has a very white skin; so has Lady Diana Cooper, who takes very little heed of beauty hints or beauty specialists.

HOW few young men have anything of interest to say. Mr. Charles Rhys is an exception: he is generally worth listening to; his brother, David, has the most perfect manners. Lord Knebworth talks well and intelligently. He is definitely very clever, and will go far. Lord Borodale speaks fluently, but is sometimes a little exacting. Mr. Hubert Duggan speaks better than he talks.

LOOK at and listen to our listless beauties and you won't be surprised that many people find them dull. Vitality is always attractive. Anny Ahlers, the latest example, cannot help but attract by her personality. Miss Rosie Dolly is so alive; Miss Violet Loraine shines out wherever she may be. Wake up, girls, wake up!

COWES was such fun. But it always is when Mrs. Thursby is there to help her mother and make the place gay and chic. She has the most fascinating manner, and her somewhat exotic beauty seems more entrancing every time I see her. Her greatest friend, Lady Milbanke, is very beautiful, but in a quieter, less vivid, manner.

WHAT happened between sunset and sunrise aboard a certain lugger, and why was a good-looking man so cross?

I DON'T think a distinguished member of the R.Y.S. likes make-up.

THE Marchese Malacrida has an eye-veil with three star-like beauty patches in scarlet. Always original, the Marchese first started the boater in London; she is a playwright, and exceedingly artistic in every way. Her husband designed the Blue Train—not the one we all use going to the South, but the restaurant. Miss Diana Coventry's beauty-spot on her eye-veil is the biggest yet worn.

WHO is being very tiresome about his wife's plans, and why shouldn't she?

LOST a large hitherto undamaged heart, labelled "Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted. Blondes prohibited." Anyone finding same, please return to Box E., as his mother is vitally and financially interested.

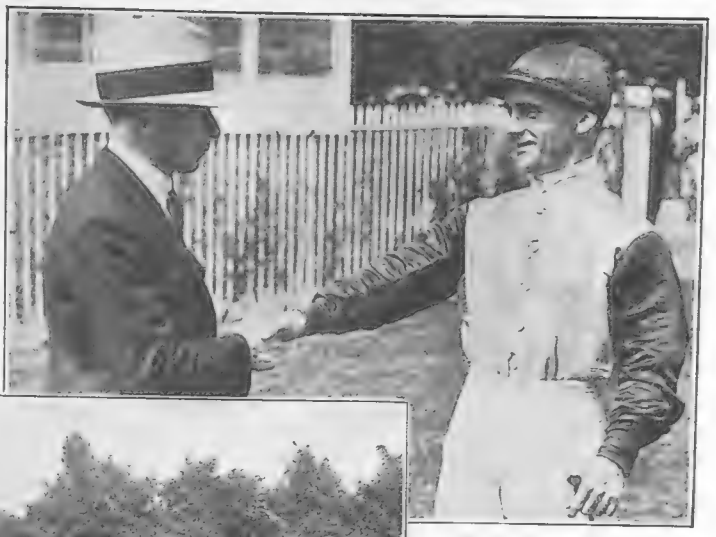
Edmund Harrington

THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY

A new and attractive portrait of the Earl of Jersey's wife. Even in the short time since she and Lord Jersey were married, her personality and charm have made a definite place for her, not only in London and at Osterley Park, but at Lord Jersey's South Wales home, Baglan House, where they went at the end of July, and Lady Jersey was introduced to her husband's friends down there

Racing : "Paris qui Trot"

By "Regular"



Well Done, Gordon!

Gordon Richards being congratulated by Freddie Fox after his win on Canfield at the Folkestone meeting. The champion jockey has had a remarkable season on Frank Hartigan's mounts

A Paddock As It Should Be

Folkestone is fortunate in having one of the most delightful paddocks in the country. The lily-pond is a welcome addition to a course already renowned for its unpretentious beauty

FRANK, of the Ritz bar, said it was bogus. He went still further and said he was shocked to see me in Paris at all in August, but, as everyone who has traversed, a trifle unsteadily, that glittering corridor which connects the Place Vendôme with the rue Cambon knows, Frank is very chic, with deeply-rooted ideas of what one can do, and what one can't.

YES. I was, indeed, being very unsmart, but when I announced my intention of going trotting, he raised his hands in horror, thereby upsetting my side-car, but it was of no avail, my mind was made up, and, hailing a taxi, defied all convention by giving the word Enghien.

MY regrets commenced almost immediately. In fact, we had barely crossed the Place de l'Opéra before I realised to my horror that my driver had learned his trade in the same school as Lord Warwick. Agonised cries of lentement, doucement, and even a threat I should be malade if he didn't go slower, had not the smallest effect.

NEVER again shall I scoff at the idea of miracles. If my arrival at Enghien in one piece was not an own brother to Lord Rosebery's Eclipse winner, then you can kick me all round Paris.

WE all know that, practically unaided, France won the War; but, having done so, she promptly lost Paris, but the Americans, being frightfully decent people, let her have most of it back for August, except, of course, the bits presided over by Mr. Erskine Gwynne.

A TROTTING meeting in France is one of the few French things left. There you meet the real bourgeois Frenchman, whose appearance always suggests that he has just lost some near and very dear relation, and who brings with him an atmosphere which leaves no doubt as to what he has had for lunch.

TROTTING races, in case you don't know, are divided into two classes—attelé and monté. In races "au trot attelé," the horse is harnessed to a machine which resembles the hind wheels of a tricycle, and is driven, while anyone with but a passing acquaintance with French without tears will appreciate, that in races au trot monté, the horse is ridden—from all appearances, a very blister-making experience.

THE appearance of a large man in racing colours is invariably ludicrous, and the spectacle of a score of plump elderly gentlemen, all wearing moustaches, and attired like Gordon Richards, being hoisted into their sulkés, is one I shall never forget.

WEIGHT plays no part in races in which the horses are driven. No Turkish baths and Brownie Carslake lunches for these jockeys. They can, and obviously do, go right through the card at every meal.

IMAGINE Lord Castlerosse in ten years time, with Lord Robert Crichton-Stewart's moustache, when he really lets it grow, and you will get a very accurate picture of Mr. Vanlandeghem, one of the leading jockeys. When I first saw him, he was cunningly arrayed in a fetching little creation of pink with brown spots, and a sky-blue cap.

I TRUST I shall not be misunderstood, but, oh, boy, I fell for Mr. Vanlandeghem! He cost me frs. 50—by which I mean I had fifty francs on the horse he was driving, and it didn't win.

NOW, you mustn't run away with the idea that Mr. Vanlandeghem's life is all honey, driving round Enghien dressed in pink silk, with a blue cap, and eating and drinking all he wants. Dear me, no!

WE have all heard of the mercurial nature of the Latin temperament, and in no place is it more strikingly in evidence than at Enghien; so much so, that poor Mr. Vanlandeghem and his fellow "jockeys" never know where they are—from valeur to voleur is but a matter of moments.

IN England we have a well-worn adage that horses are not machines; in France, though, they think that 's all chi-chi. If the horse you 've backed doesn't win, it 's been pulled, the jockey 's a very unpleasant espèce de voleur, and that 's all there is to it.

TOUJOURS la politesse is all very well in theory, but the French have found it a wash-out in practice a long time ago, and can they turn nasty when things go a bit wrong? I 'll say they can! Once at Vincennes they got so touchy they burnt the stands down.

ONE of the leading French trotting jockeys rejoices in the name of Monsieur, which, you must admit, is a grand name, and with an old-world aristocratic flavour about it which beats Vanlandeghem into a cocked hat.

YOU 'D think it would be impossible to be rude to a man with a name like Monsieur. You might think it, but, believe me, you 'd be wrong.

THERE is nothing light-hearted about this trotting crowd, which is as different from the one at Longchamps as chalk from cheese. One and all are on a money-making quest, and they leave their "lovelies" at home or park them at the Casino. I saw one very pretty girl—a mixture between a Beaton and a wedding-cake — but her family were quite rightly taking no chances with her. I may say that her five sisters had not been endowed with the same attraction.

IN my youth I used to regard casinos as very wicked places, where lovely women bestowed their favours on dashing men who broke banks, and turned up their noses at the ones who went broke and shot themselves in spectacular fashion after a particularly exasperating run of ill-fortune.

ENGHIEN Casino, however, hardly lives up to this rather high standard of naughtiness. On my arrival, two very plain women were dancing together to the strains of the loudest tango band it has ever been my misfortune to listen to.

TO escape from this, I repaired to the garden, where a teething baby was giving a very fair imitation of the tango band. In search of peace and quiet, I therefore moved on to the baccarat room, and here, believe me, I found it quiet enough.

ONLY one table was occupied, and around it sat half a dozen of the unhappiest-looking individuals that ever prayed for a nine. The croupier, with a brave show of optimism, was incanting the usual "faites vos jeux," but the response was piteous.

IT was like witnessing some ancient rite, which was being enacted for the last time, as a mark of respect to those who, in days gone by, had the wherewithal and inclination to appease the appetite of the ever-hungry cagnotte.

As an outsider, it seemed impertinence on my part to be present at so moving a spectacle, so, after assuring my taxi-driver that the one gear I really liked driving on was bottom gear, I returned to Paris.

D

MAYFAIR Through the

Illustrated by Molly Bishop

I talk to him as I dance past

Now that the Season is over, I find I haven't enjoyed myself as much as I had hoped to. The reason has been this terrible difficulty of coping with the newspapers. It is not easy to be news yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, as every Mayfair girl wants to be, although whether she is honest enough to own it is another matter.

The fly in the ex-deb's. ointment this year has been the débutantes. Last year everything I did was written up and given the most delightful publicity. If I sneezed, it was " Débutante Makes the Sneeze of the Season," " Beautiful Deb. Experiences Nose Tickle," etc. It made the morning gossip columns worth waking up for. But this year, I find it harder to keep in the limelight.

To begin with, Lady Pamela Smith and Miss Penelope Dudley started the interest in the sub-débutante . . . that is all very well, but where is it going to end? We shall have schoolroom photographs and interviews jostling us from the pages of illustrated weeklies, which already give far too much attention to nurseries.

After all, who wants to see little Master Z, in his cot or romping with his Daddy, when they could have an exclusive snapshot of me, with the swans, or patting the horses.

The fact is, Editors don't know their jobs. And as for the gossip-writers, they are too, too unkind. They seem to think that an ex-deb. is fair game for criticism. Of course, it is better to be talked about unkindly than not mentioned, but I do think Captain Tattersall is just too cruel. Spoilt is not an adjective which you could possibly apply to me. I enjoy everything. Why, only last week I dined quite quietly in a grill, where I wasn't known, and took quite an unobtrusive table without saying a word.

And on another occasion I went on the balcony at the Café de Paris, although I was dressed, and *could* have gone downstairs.

So that just shows I can enjoy quite ordinary things, doesn't it?

And then there is Mr. Dryburgh—he was so very scathing about my Ascot hat. I did have my little visiting-card just tucked under a bird of paradise, but still, I don't think that need have called forth so many paragraphs of sarcasm, and my dress was not so very transparent, only a teeny bit thin.

Lord Donegall is really rather a pet to us ex-debs., but he is giving us less and less space, which I do resent. After all, I don't think any news, however political or world-stirring, is quite so thrilling as about us, do you?

Of course, we never read Lord Castlerosse. He only writes of marrieds, or Americans, when he mentions women at all, and marrieds are dull, aren't they? Unless they are just having a case in the Courts, or giving really good parties.

I 'm not very fond of the marrieds—they are so patronising! They behave as if they have done something stupendous in becoming a married, but they treat their husbands like dust beneath their chariot wheels. I might be a " married " now myself, if I had chosen just like Miss Margaret Whigham. No one can say she didn't have the chance.

Of course, I 've got a broken heart. Yes, I 've suffered. I 've been through more unhappiness than most girls, I think, and when I see him night after night, playing so beautifully on his cornet, well, I can't tell you what my emotions are like. I talk to him as I dance past, but, alas! he can't answer very often because he is blowing into his cornet. It is all quite hopeless, but the memory will be with me always.

I do wish there were more ways of becoming " news." I 've been photographed in my new jewellery, which is an exact replica of my pony's bridle.

My dress was not so very transparent, only a teeny bit thin

Cocktail Glass

By "Ex-Débutante"

Dined quite quietly in a grill where I wasn't known

I 've been snapped in the kitchen, in the pantry, and in the bathroom. Mother wouldn't allow me to be done in the bath. Too, too Victorian, poor pet!

I 've got orange eyelashes, green lips and mauve hair, and my new dresses are completely altered in style: they are slinky instead of fluffy—but still, I was in only two daily papers last Friday, and Lady Bridget Poulett was in three.

I was very anxious to advertise Bile Beans, because Ponds has got everyone now, but again Mummy wouldn't let me. Really, one's parents are a trial! Of course, I might disappear, and take a job as a housemaid, but I might really have to work; or I might be the first woman engine-driver, only trains are so smutty.

I think I shall have to get married; you get engagement announcements and contradictions, and more announcements. Photographs of the happy couple, photographs of the presents, and lots of gossip about "black chiffon nightgowns with rows and rows of rosebuds, my dears, and the daintiest little cami-knicks, with a coronet on each leg encircled by forget-me-nots."

Then there 's the wedding, with pages and pages of photographs in every paper; the honeymoon, arm-in-arm in seclusion, and the welcome-home party. Pictures of the house, the new car, and the dogs, and then the nurseries. After that, there is a bit of a lapse, but one can always have a smart divorce, or another baby, I suppose, to keep up the interest; and finally, when one is quite old—at least twenty-five—write one's memoirs.

It 's worth considering—it is really. There are lots of eligible bachelors—Sir Hugh Smiley, for instance, but he isn't quite romantic-enough-looking for me. Or Mr. Max Aitken—he isn't tall enough. Mr. Charles Sweeney is American, so he won't ever have a title, and I would like those encircled coronets. And Sir Robert Throckmorton—well, no—I don't think I want to marry him.

Of course, there is one Earl all we ex-debs. want to marry, but he only looks at marrieds, or rather one married, so that 's no use.

I ALWAYS imagine that a tall, handsome, thrilling man will come along, and he 'll fall madly in love with me, saying: "You are the only woman who has ever attracted me," and then I 'll find he 's a millionaire, and a Duke (anyway, when his father dies), and we 'll have the most magnificent wedding of the season, and I 'll ask all my friends to be bridesmaids, but I wouldn't let them see too much of my fiancé before the wedding.

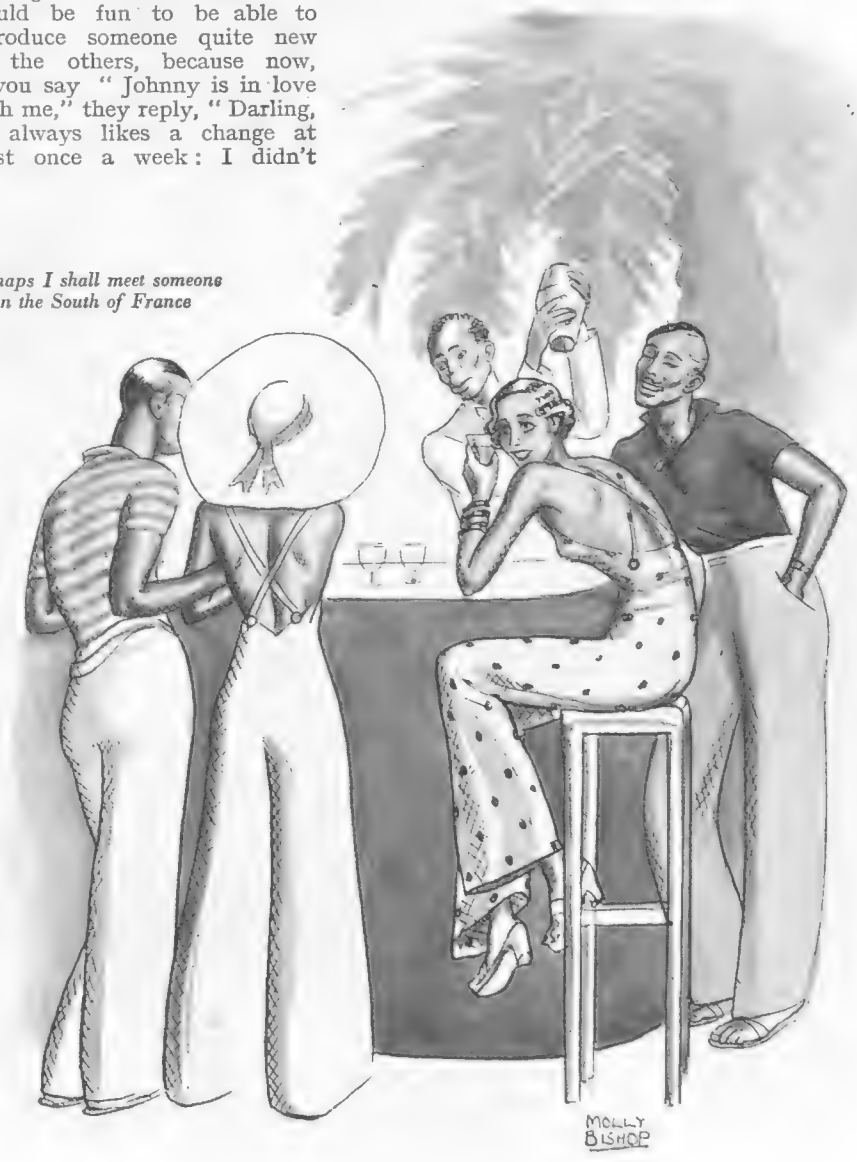
I believe that will happen, because I went to a fortune-teller, and she said there was a distinguished man coming across the water. It would be fun to be able to introduce someone quite new to the others, because now, if you say "Johnny is in love with me," they reply, "Darling, he always likes a change at least once a week: I didn't ever expect it to last with Betty." Anyway, I hope he 's a millionaire, because my new dress has cost pounds and pounds, and I haven't paid for my pageant get-up, which was copied exactly from Boucher's picture. I think it was very unfair giving the best pictures to the marrieds. After all, they didn't want advertising—they 've got their houses and their husband.

Well, perhaps I shall meet someone in the South of France. I 've got the most adorable pyjamas and bottles and bottles of different coloured enamel for my toes. If I had toes like some people we all know, I shouldn't wear sandals. Thank goodness, my toes are straight!

And now I 'm just off to be photographed in my travelling clothes. I wonder if anyone has thought of being taken saying "Good-bye" to their Pekingese—"the best of friends must part, for the summer." Better still if I had an unusual pet. I wonder if I could borrow a Polar bear from the "Zoo" (an excellent colour scheme with my coral suit)? I 'll ring up and ask the keeper.

The third and fourth article of this series will appear later

Perhaps I shall meet someone in the South of France



Humorists in Double Harness: Beachcomber and Bentley Let Fly at the Highbrow Playgoer

Love of Ibsen

THIS is the Drama's votary; her days
Are spent in reading curious foreign plays.
Now it is Ibsen and the Nordic crew;
Now a mad Russian; now a German Jew.
Upon her desk, beside the telephone,
A bust of Pirandello stands alone,
And round her neck she wears, in faded ink,
The autograph of Maurice Maeterlinck.
Her bureau, where her choicest treasures are,
Contains the band from Karl Capek's cigar,
A note of Björnsen's, worth its weight in gold,
Complaining to his aunt about a cold,
And, partly damaged on the title page,
A book of Toller's, all about the stage.

She is a member of the Thirty-Six,
The Thespian Circle, and the Bag o' Tricks,
And nothing gives her more intense delight
Than going to dirty plays on Sunday night.
Rather than meet this gorgon face to face
Between the acts, the oldest critics race
Down crowded corridors, when she comes by,
Cling to the bar and bellow "Sanctuary!"
But no such fate attends their young confrères,
Who, one by one, are cornered on the stairs,
And, with averted eyes, and trembling knees,
Must talk to her on Modern Tendencies.

But when at last upon her bedroom walls
The shadow of the Final Curtain falls,
Tall Death will find her shedding maudlin tears
On musty bills and faded souvenirs,
And carry her away to that repose
Only the lover of the Drama knows.
Then may she wake, then may she try her wings,
Where Strindberg leads the dance and Tchehov sings.

The above lines, written by "Beachcomber," and illustrated by Nicholas Bentley, are from one of a series of poems which will be published in the autumn in book form by Eyre and Spottiswoode (6s.). The collection is entitled, "1933—and Still Going Wrong," and the rest of the verses are equally amusing and show these clever collaborators at their best

Photographs: Dorothy Wilding, (inset) Lenare

The "Young Marrieds"

No. 12. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley

Mr. Philip Kindersley, Sir Robert and Lady Kindersley's son, married Miss Oonagh Guinness, youngest daughter of the Hon. Ernest and Mrs. Guinness, in 1929. They have spent most of this summer down in the country, with Gay and Tessa, their two-year-old son and baby daughter, at the attractive house they took in Kent

Cedric Belfrage *discusses*

A Film Novel and Serious Things

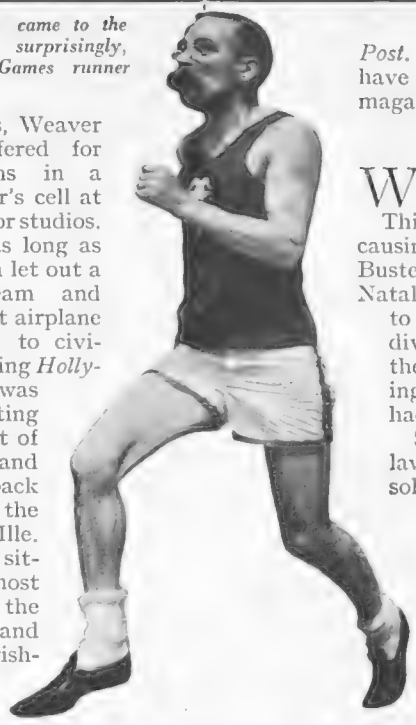
Lyda Roberti as she appears in "Million Dollar Legs," which came to the Plaza last week. They weren't her legs, in fact they, very surprisingly, weren't female legs at all, but those of a mock Olympic Games runner

IF you want to see the ways of Hollywood turned inside out, curl up in a corner with *Hollywood Nymph*. This sizzling novel of life and death in Movieville has come hot from the pen of John V. A. Weaver, poet, ex-scenario-writer, husband of Peggy Wood, and, currently, man-about-London, to the presses of our friends, the Messrs. Cassell. It is published at the reasonable price of 7*s.* 6*d.*, in a pale blue wrapper bearing, in addition to title and author's name, the one word "BLAH!"

This word, in the opinion of all recognised experts, sums up Hollywood more completely and succintly than any other in or out of the dictionary.

Like all Hollywood novels, Weaver's deals for the most part with real people, and if you know your celluloidiana, you will have plenty of fun identifying them. The story captures at times that strange mixture of hilarious nonsense and overpowering pathos that is only to be found in the daily round of that Californian lunatic asylum called Hollywood.

IF you have met Weaver—and most of the best people have—you will know that, in addition to being a man of egregious charm, he knows and hates his Hollywood as well as anyone who has been there and lived to tell the tale. Lured, as most writers the world over have been at one time or another, away from the peaceful home where he used to write his poetry by Hollywood's well-known dollars, Weaver sat and suffered for many months in a scenario-writer's cell at one of the major studios. He stood it as long as he could, then let out a piercing scream and grabbed a fast airplane heading back to civilisation. Writing *Hollywood Nymph* was his way of getting the poison out of his system, and now, nursed back to health by the devoted Mlle. Wood, he is sitting up (most nights at the Savoy Grill) and taking nourishment. When asked to make a statement, he just smiles and says: "Never again!"



Andy Clyde showing what his legs can do in "Million Dollar Legs," the crazy comedy which burlesques the Olympic Games and in which a strong team of comedians raises a good laugh

HERE are some sample Weaverisms from *Hollywood Nymph*:

FRIEND (*to artist*): "What do you mean by refusing to do Mrs. Goldheim's (*producer's wife*) portrait when I spent hours convincing her that you're the greatest thing since Whistler sang 'Mammy'?"

***

"THIS actress is a little flower. . What makes little flowers grow?"

"Manure."

"Exactly. Publicity."

***

SEEING Hollywood is like going through a sewer in a glass-bottomed boat.

***

WHAT makes more noise than a pig under a fence? Two associate producers.

***

PRODUCER: "There 's not enough originality in our original stories lately. I recommend that every writer be given a year's subscription to *Cosmopolitan* and *Saturday Evening Post*. . . . I'll get originality if I have to make 'em steal from every magazine in the country!"

***

WHEN movie stars divorce, what happens to the yacht?

This knotty point has been causing considerable headaches for Buster Keaton and his ex-to-be-wife, Natalie Talmadge. Natalie wanted to have conferences about the division of the property, including the yacht. But Buster was working too hard at the studio, and hadn't time.

So Natalie, it seems, took the law into her own hands, and sold the yacht. The other day the 'phone rang in Buster's studio dressing-room, and Willie, Buster's negro valet-cook-chauffeur-etcetera, answered it. It was the man at the shipyard ringing up to impart the news.

Poor Willie's face was grey as he put down the receiver, and, alleged eye-witnesses of the scene declare that he gave vent to a low moan.

"What is it, Willie?" asked Buster, stopping in the middle of putting on his make-up.

"Oh, Mr. Keaton," wailed Willie; "we ain't de captain ob de boat no moah!"

Jessie Matthews and Jerry Verno in one of the amusing scenes from "There Goes the Bride," Albert de Courville's new film, which has just been completed at Beaconsfield

ON the other hand, to turn for a moment to the beautiful side of life, that gorgeous creature, Sue Carol, has just presented her husband Nick Stuart, with a seven-pound daughter.

Douglas MacLean, the comedian who discovered Sue Carol, is now in London, but what on earth has that to do with it?

AND here are some of the more serious things that are going on just now in the studios and places where they film.

Diana Wynyard is the Barrymores' selection to play the romantic lead with them in *Rasputin* . . . Diana's in Hollywood serving a long-term sentence now . . . Sam Goldwyn is offering another of his girl "discoveries" to humanity in the shape of one Dorothy Hale, who has the lead opposite Colman in *Cynara* . . . George Bancroft and Paramount had another tiff, and this time it's taken . . . George will now produce independently . . . Dorothy Mackaye, the actress who recently emerged from San Quentin prison, has written a story called *Women in Prison* . . . Those dear brothers Warner will film it . . . Pabst, the celebrated Teuton megaphonist, has come to London to direct Chaliapine in *Don Quixote* . . . Three Hollywood directors, Rowland Lee, Robert Milton, and Cyril Gardner, are now making British films . . . Harold Lloyd has finally got his *Movie Crazy* off his chest, and is going to take a long, long holiday in Europe . . . He's so exhausted, he won't make another film for at least a year . . . R. C. Sherriff has served his scenario-writing sentence with Universal, with time off for good conduct, and he's back home among friends . . . While in Hollywood, he wrote a "treatment" of Remarque's *The Road Back* . . . Slim Summerville is the only *All Quiet* character who will also appear in the sequel, as he was the only one not killed.

A LAUGH a minute from Hollywood (extract from press-agent item):

"Set clowns make good money in the studios. William Wellman, director, always has one around to provide fun for himself and to relieve tension. Wellman's clown is deathly afraid of snakes, and the director, every now and then, will sneak up behind him and wrap a piece of rope around his neck. Hilarious confusion results."

ENGLAND is not the only place where the general public thinks it has cause for a good grumble on the subject of censorship and the inconsistency of the man with the scissors. They have a censor in America, too, and although he took no exception to any of the words in the title "Merrily We Go to Hell" or "——," as we have it here, he has just a few idiosyncrasies. One is apropos the word "virgin." He won't have it in a film at any price, and when Universal shot some scenes at the Golden Virgin Mine, its real name, he said: "Keep it clean, boys," and they had to rename the mine the Golden Star.

Ann Dvorak is one of London's latest Hollywood visitors, and there are hopes that she may stay to make a film here if she can settle her contract trouble with Warner Brothers. Anyone who saw her in "Scarface" will agree that we could do with her in our studios here

THE MOVIE PARADE
By "Two and Four"

FILMS TO SEE:

Jack's the Boy. (Tivoli)—All-British laughs for young and old, more especially the former. A huge success.

One Hour With You. (Carlton)—Chevalier and Jeanette McDonald are not quite up to standard, but there are many bright moments—and Genevieve Tobin.

Thark. (New Gallery)—Good stuff in the Walls and Lynn tradition, with the comedians excelling themselves in a 100% clean bedroom scene.

FILMS TO AVOID:

Behind the Mask

Girl Crazy

If Gossip We Must

Too Hot for Ottawa—Flying to Malvern—
Anny Ahlers and Dora—A Cocktail Party

Even Imperial Conferences have had to give way to a spell of true August weather, and the holiday spirit, whether in London or elsewhere, has not included much attention to the sayings and doings of the Fratellini-like gentlemen who are representing us across the water.

In short, it has been too 'ot for Ottawa. But these conferences are, anyway, wearing their welcome. Geneva, Lausanne, Ottawa . . . then (it 's a minor certainty) Lausanne and Geneva again. Start again and take away the number you first thought of, and the answer's a small lemon with precious little gin in it for anybody except the secretarial hosts.

" Join the Army and see the world for nothing " was, I believe, reckoned an attractive recruiting slogan. The world can be seen with greater comfort and profit by joining some conference or other. That is obviously the sole reason why there has been no adoption of the supremely sensible suggestion that there should be one Enormous World Conference in permanent session.

That might, of course, be expensive. But it would cost no more than the League of Nations, and might, indeed, be called upon to do its work, if, that is, that august body does any work.

To me the League seems much like paying a heavy subscription to a club one never dreams of using. Germany has decided not to pay its present quarter's subscription of £25,000, placing the money instead to the League's credit in a German bank for use in the purchase of German goods. We should do well to follow this wily example, which is tantamount to letting the subscription lapse and risking being thrown out of an establishment the benefits of which are somewhat shadowy.

With our constitutional inability to do anything other than play what we conceive to be cricket, we shall probably do nothing of the sort.

There is only one game which we like more than cricket, and that is the game of holding the baby. Perhaps because we are more adept at it.

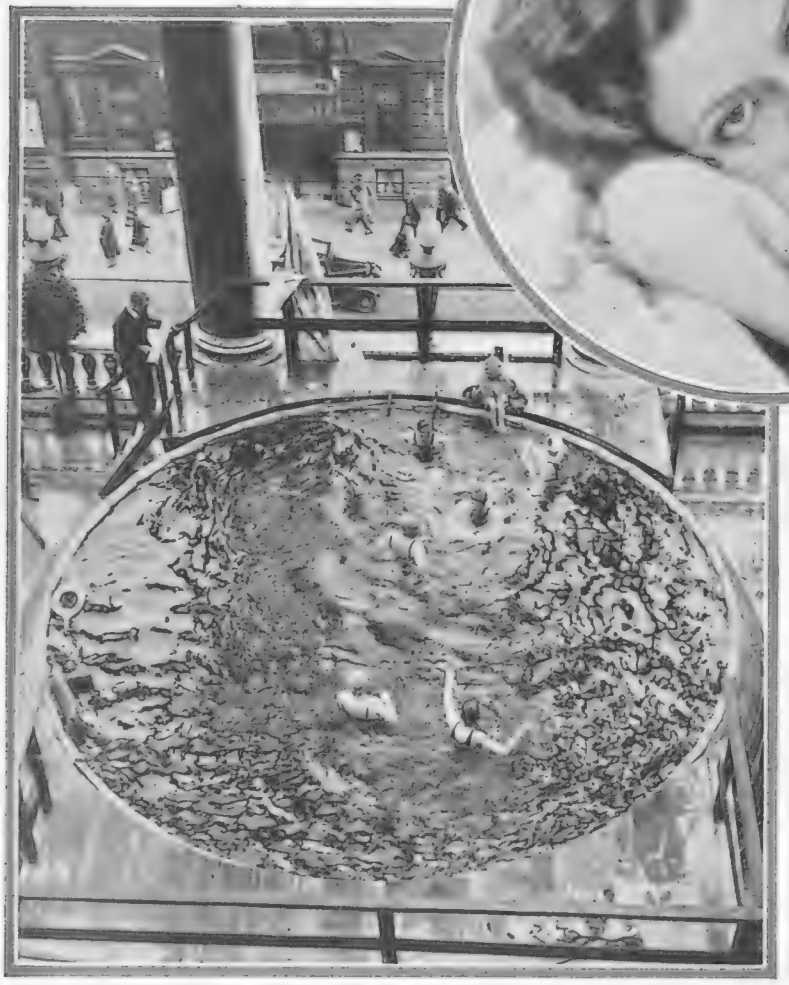
With a high show of holy indignation, the Labour Rump asks, through its organ, whether it is better to spend, as we do, £300 a day on the League of Nations or £1,000 a day on a battleship, for that is about what these monsters cost when in full commission.

The suggestion that anyone could *not* vote for the League is put aside as preposterous. Yet it is surely

Above : Gracie Fields, the heroine of " Looking on the Bright Side," the last scenes of which were shot lately at the A.R.P. studios. Gracie, as a London policewoman at home and on duty, is, so we hear, most arresting

Walter Bird

Right : A new portrait of Jean Adrienne, who wins the title of London's youngest leading lady in her part in " Tell Her the Truth "



A Pool on Piccadilly

A new " Pool of London " was created when the Piccadilly Hotel built the open-air swimming bath on its pillared balcony, where bathers win their battle with the heat-wave just above the 'bus-tops—and where the 'bus stops

Paul Tanqueray

Gertrude Lawrence returned from her South of France holiday to rehearse for "Behold We Live," John Van Druten's new play, which opened last night at the St. James's Theatre, and in which she is playing opposite Gerald du Maurier

wiser to spend £1,000 and get something for the money, than a third of that sum and get nothing. Besides, it is better to have a revolver in one's pocket than a book of homilies on dark nights when hooligans are about. And a world without dark nights and hooligans shows no signs of coming along yet.

From Ireland, where humour and politics do not go together, comes, none the less, a supreme joke. That is, the proposal from Mr. de Valera's party that unless and until all its leader's demands are granted by England, America shall be asked not to consent to re-open the debts and reparations question.

In other words, economic adjustments between the British Empire and the United States of America—neither of them an inconsiderable nation—are to be governed by a handful of Southern Irish.

Fun, isn 't it ?

FROM world politics to the Shavian politics of Malvern is a long leap, particularly if one makes, as I did, the leap literally and by air.

For having a few days previously flown by Air Union from Marseilles to London in seven hours, I took four hours to fly from London to Malvern. Strange, but true !

It is only fair to add that a considerable portion of this journey had to be done by motor-bus, for it seems that one cannot land a big air-liner within five-and-twenty miles of Malvern. And the return journey from Gloucester aerodrome to Croydon was done in under three-quarters of an hour.

Still, when Sir Barry Jackson produces his next Shaw play at Malvern, I shall certainly save time, and bicycle there. A journey through the Tudor glories of Upton-on-Severn and Tewkesbury, even in the company of a bevy of bright young dramatic critics, had its delights modified by the knowledge that the curtain was being kept down, and all present in the theatre kept in a bad temper, because of the non-arrival of the Critical Faculty.

MALVERN I have known always as a pleasant, healthy place, full of boys' schools, girls' schools, and Fosters. As a sort of English Bayreuth, with Shaw as Wagner, it shows a comparatively recent development. The visit of the Press was not without humour, for as their chariot drew up to the theatre forty minutes late, a rope concerned with the overhead banner, "Welcome to Malvern," became entangled

Walter Bird

Meditation

A delightful study of Delsya, the young actress who is playing Harriet Hoctor's part in "Bow Bells," which is now making a successful provincial tour

"At any rate, Jack's clothes are cut by the best people in town."
"Yes, and so is Jack!"

SONGS OF SPORTSMEN

No. 2. THE CRICKETER

WHENEVER I'm bowled for a "duck,"
Or muff a soft catch in the gully,
I do not despair or tear out all my hair,
But I says to myself, "Cheer up, cully!
"I know it 's bad luck, but rejoice all the same
To think you are playing our National Game!"
For where, oh where, would England be
If she had no I Zingari?
And how could she hold up her head
If all Free Foresters were dead?
So come on my lads, and cheer three times three
For the Red, White and Blue and the M.C.C.

Whenever I 'm hit for a six
(A thing which occurs all too often),
I never exclaim, "I 'm through with this game,"
For the blow I can easily soften,
By consoling myself with this wonderful thought—
"Though a dud, you are helping our National Sport."
For where, oh where, etc.

Whenever I 'm clean off my game
I read our great poets on cricket
(Save Kipling, the cad, whose tastes are so bad
That he wrote "flannelled fools at the wicket").
And I feel that although my performance is tame
At least I am playing our National Game!
For where, oh, where, would England stand
If Eton Ramblers should disband?
And how, oh, how, could England rise
To fame without her Butterflies?
So, come on my lads and cheer three times three
For the Red, White and Blue and the M.C.C.!

B. W.

with it and some of the taller of the aforesaid experts were "Absalomed"—harmlessly, but with loss of dignity, which was, on the whole, a better joke than any in the play.

Too True to be Good has come in for slabs of abuse from sundry people who were not born when Shaw was writing such plays as *Candida*, *Man and Superman*, and *You Never Can Tell*.

I am just as aware that that is no reason why they should not point out such faults as they can spot as I am that *Too True to be Good* is, as a play, not as effective as any of the above three. There is little reverence for old age nowadays—I do not, as yet, need reverence and shall never at any time deserve it, so this is no ex parte protest—but the spectacle of a gang of youthful know-alls and smart Alecs figuratively putting an old man Shaw across their knees, spanking him, and telling him that he is a nit-wit, has not been particularly edifying.

Shaw, the wisest of birds, in spite of his bad jokes, probably found even this amusing. For he is a philosopher, and a kindly one at that.

I LIKED *Too True to be Good*. Its slap-stick comedy is not of a high order and its jests are often on the cheap side. But its humour is, at any rate, as good as that of many a non-Shavian farce which is given ecstatic notices and enjoys a long run.

Its more serious sections I found stimulating and brilliant in the extreme. The beauty of the writing, the true eloquence, and the food for thought (even if the solution to the problems is either non-existent or leads one nowhere) are all Shaw at his best. It is not a masterpiece. It is not even a play at all. But it is something I would not have missed.

WHAT, I wonder, must the strangers in our midst, whether distinguished or not, whether teetotalers or dipsomaniacs, think when, at 12.25 a.m., restaurant waiters politely, but very firmly, tell them to finish up the wine in their glasses, and that they will not be allowed any more.

The Titian-haired Anny Ahlers, of *The Du Barry* fame, was my neighbour the other night at a supper party where this occurred. In spite of her flaming locks, Miss Ahlers has an equable temper, so she said nothing beyond informing me that in Berlin and in her native Hamburg drinking is allowed until 3 a.m. and later.

It made no difference that this was the most decorous of parties. Although Mr. Lawrence Anderson, that brilliant actor, had started the evening as Louis XV. and ended it up as Louis Roederer, all was done decently and in order.

THAT same afternoon Miss Mimi Crawford, also of *Du Barry* fame, gave a cocktail party, the occasion being the inspection of the portrait of her—a very lovely thing of infinite grace and delicacy—painted by James Gunn, whose portrait group fetched the record price, £1,500, at this year's Academy.

The portrait of Miss Crawford earned the paternal approbation of Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson, while Mr. Herman Finck, Mr. Morris Harvey, and Mr. Aubrey Hammond, none of them slim, formed a positive glaxo of talent.

A "Wysteria Girl" at the Leicester Square Theatre, which has caught the non-stop variety epidemic, and where twenty-four show girls do their non-stop bit

Left: Taking a rest at the 16th tee. Captain D. Money, Miss C. Callaghand, Mrs. A. P. F. Chapman, the famous cricketer's wife, and Lt.-Col. W. Ozanne

Below: Mrs. A. C. Giles, wearing a tennis frock and eye-shade, played with her husband, Captain A. C. Giles, in the open mixed foursomes of the Hythe Golf Club

Heat Wave Golf

Open Mixed Foursomes at Hythe

Left below: Miss Dodo Butler, who was the runner-up in the Kent Ladies' Championship, looks cool in her sleeveless dress

The Vogue of the Cotton Frock

The winners going to the 1st green: Major-General G. A. Howard and Miss Howard, whose 155 (80½ and 74½) gave them the victory

Bertram Eary

Over half way and still going strong: Miss Wanda Morgan, the English champion, and Mr. R. R. Little on their way to the 14th

At the Theatre

The Joys of Gory Grand Guignol

Lydia Sherwood is the latest recruit to the Grand Guignol company, who give a non-stop programme of horrors at the Duke of York's. Their second series of plays is reviewed on this page

WHEN a sensational murder trial takes place at the Old Bailey, there is a queue outside the door of the public gallery long enough to delight the heart of the greediest theatrical manager, were those assembled trying to get into his theatre. On the stalls, too, which are the seats in court of the Common Council, there is an unprecedented run.

Newspapers welcome a rich and juicy murder as an aid to circulation, while books, in the plot of which crimes figure, are turned out in dozens by publishing houses, despite the fact that nine-tenths of them are abominably written. Crime appeals to all sorts and conditions of men and women, and it's no use riding the high horse and suggesting that interest in criminology is a taste only of the depraved, and it is still more silly to suggest, as some do, that, because one is interested in crime, ipso facto, that person is himself a criminal.

SENSATION in its various aspects is a sure-fire winner, as witness the success of Grand Guignol, which has just gone into a second edition at the Duke of York's Theatre, and here I will remark, in parenthesis, that I know the man who first introduced Grand Guignol into England, and who is responsible for many of the adaptations from the French to be found in the Grand Guignol programme. Get him to tell you the plot of the latest exercise in murder, mystery or sadism, and José Levy's eyes will glisten while recounting to you, with obvious enjoyment, the details of some horrible story which he bitterly regrets the Censor won't pass! And yet he is one of the kindest-hearted men I ever met. Like the very great majority, this sort of thing interests him, and he makes no bones about admitting it.

BEING a bit of a criminologist myself—hence my impassioned defence of them—I must admit that, personally, I found the collection of the plays shown at the Duke of York's rather on the mild side. Despite clever acting by Russell Thorndike, Frederick Ross, and Lydia Sherwood, my marrow did not freeze when they played *The Medium*. I wish it had frozen, for it was a hot afternoon. In fact, I remained completely calm even when the body of a murdered woman, which had been packed in plaster for a long time, was finally revealed through the aid of an artist's model who would have deeply interested the Psychical Research Society.

"THE VIGIL" tells of a woman who has slept for seven years, and when she does recover consciousness, appears to attract little interest from the medical profession in what must have been a unique case. In the end, she merely dies, after learning that her children have departed this life, while she was having her long and, I hope, refreshing sleep. Not even their father turned out to have murdered his offspring, which was a great disappointment to me.

THE best of the sensational bunch was undoubtedly *The Seeker of Sensations*, in which the principal character is Prince Garolleti, who ought to have been called Prince Garotteli. He is a nasty mess, being a sensualist, a sadist, and, quite possibly, a murderer all rolled into one. The sort of man who might have walked straight out of the pages of Kraft-Ebbing. For a bet, he entices the Duchesse de Martigny, his mistress for a fortnight, to one of the lowest haunts in Paris, and what goes on there is really rather fascinating.

I WISH I could say that the humour provided by Lauri Wylie in *Couple of Couples* was equally fascinating, but this sort of farce is far more suited to third-class music halls. More in the true Grand Guignol manner was an amusing trifle by Harris Deans called *Husbands Are So Jealous*, but, try as I would, and criminologist as I am, I cannot see the humour on which *Shepherd's Pie* is based: that of a company at dinner all unwittingly eating human flesh. But then, my sense of humour, like my moral sense, may be warped.

Playtime at the Piccadilly, with Betty Frankiss and Dudley Rolph in song and dance. On the left, Col. Elwy Jones is entertaining his tall friend, Mr. Hilton Philipson, while Lady Hamilton Grant looks on smilingly

Shaw Wildman

Mrs. Richard Guinness

A Beautiful Mother and her Beautiful Daughters

Mrs. Arthur James

Mrs. Richard Guinness is one of London's prominent hostesses, and entertains a good deal at her lovely house in Great Cumberland Place. Her elder daughter, who was Miss Zita Jungman, married Mr. Arthur James a year or two ago; her younger daughter is better known as Miss "Baby" Jungman. Mrs. Richard Guinness is off in a few days sun-chasing in Portugal

Dorothy Wilding

Miss Teresa Jungman

On the left is Nora Swinburne, who is taking a part in "Perfect Understanding," and, below, Gloria Swanson and her husband, Michael Farmer, are seen trying out an original form of Riviera conveyance. Above are a few of the sunburnt "crowd" during the shooting of one of the scenes

Glorifyi

Shooting Gloria Swanson's

"Perfect Understanding" is the name of the first fil star. Most of it is being shot at Ealing, but the photograph above is of Gloria herself, with her husban man, but later retired in favour of Laurence Olivier of the crowd, many of them ordinary visitors to Ca

Mannell

"Taken for a Ride"—at Cannes, not Chicago

Some of the Great

Another scene in "Perfect Understanding": A cocktail regatta, involving a number of speedboats and a good deal of (studio) intoxicants

ving Gloria

n's First British Picture at Cannes

rst film to be made this side of the Atlantic by the world-famous the company moved to Cannes for the Riviera prologue. The husband, Michael Farmer, who was originally going to be leading Olivier, who came from Hollywood to take part. Below is part to Cannes whose services were enlisted, resting between scenes

Great Unpaid Help with Crowd-Work

Genevieve Tobin is another who came from Hollywood to play in Gloria's film. She appeared, in 1928, on the London stage in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," but her most recent introduction to England has been as Mitzi in "One Hour With You"

Genevieve Tobin

Cecil Beaton

"The Blonde Venus" and an Orchid

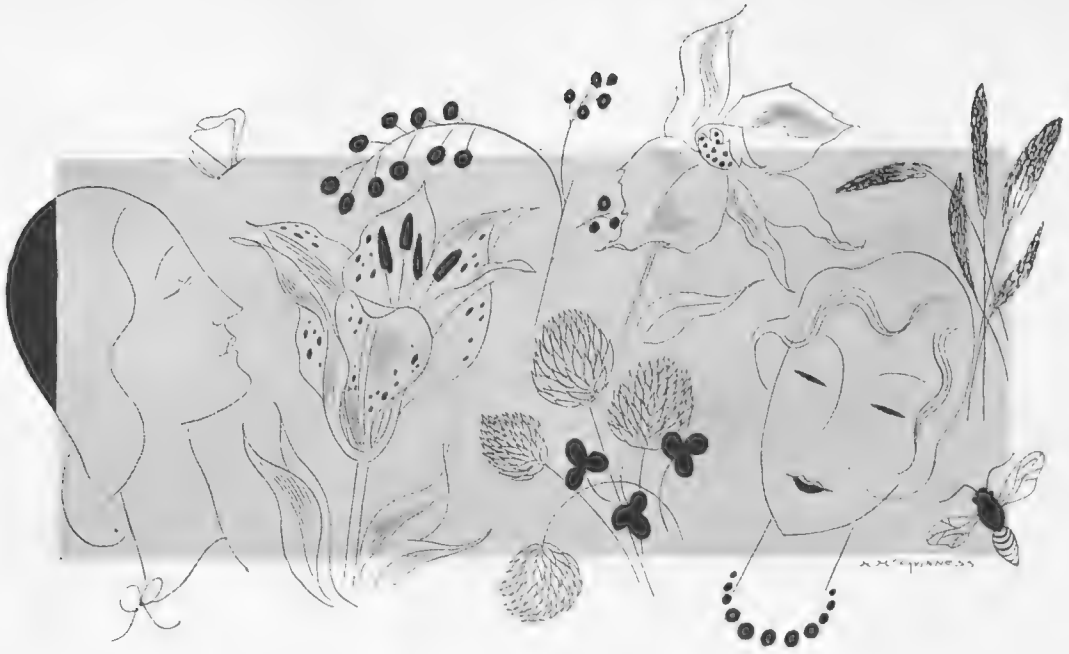
Marlene Deitrich's admirers, and they are legion, are waiting eagerly for the day they can buy their seats for "The Blonde Venus," her new Paramount film, in which her opposite number is Herbert Marshall, also one of London's favourites. Marlene has four songs, specially written for her, in this film, one of them, "Getting What I Want When I Want It," having what the above-mentioned admirers will agree must be a most appropriate title.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Sam. Wildman

SURPRISING changes have taken place in our millinery, one of the most important being that trimming is now placed towards the front and that velvet is the favourite medium. Here are two examples. The Mado model on the left is made of two shades of orchid velvet, pale pink and mauve, and tied in a moderately large bow slightly over the left eye. Beneath, Mrs. Elliott Ware wears an Agnès model of black velvet with a narrow brim turned up in front and tied with two cerise bows. Both these hats may be obtained from the model millinery department of Debenham and Freebody



"The Breath of Beauty"

Exquisite and Imaginative New Expressions of the Perfumer's Art, and an Essence of Historical Significance

THE perfumer's art is one of the oldest in the world. There is something irresistible, significant, stirring to the senses, or soothing, memorable and expressive about subtle and delicious fragrance. It is as evocative as music: its very transcience is alluring. Priests throughout the ages have propitiated the gods (and men, the goddesses !) with sweet-smelling incenses and essences. The French have a proverb: "Un peu d'encens brulé radjuste bien des choses," which is a subtle encouragement to flatterers as well as a eulogy of the power of perfume! Scent has always been part of woman's battery of allurement, as well as an expression of her personality.

Taste in perfumes is an acutely individual thing, and a woman's choice of perfumes—whether it is the fresh, sweet flower essences, the subtle, somewhat impersonal scents, or the heavy Eastern and exotic perfumes—and there is, nowadays, an infinite variety and many degrees in each group—is amazingly characteristic.

In the psychologically conscious and sophisticated age in which we live, the perfumers have concentrated more and more on individualising their different scents. There are perfumes now not only for every type, but for every mood and every occasion. An interesting innovation in this direction is the trio of new and delicious perfumes presented by Houbigant's under the collective title, "Les Heures Choisies," sold together in a little coffret, or separately. The first, "Pour le Matin," is suggestive of the freshness of early summer mornings, when the grasses and buds and garden flowers are first giving up the dew to the sun's mild warmth. "Pour l'Aprés Midi," is a slightly more sophisticated essence, which makes one think of the frou-frou of feminine movement, an interchange of confidences. . . . "Pour le Soir" is definitely more exotic; there is, perhaps, a hint of weariness, but if one yields to its evocations, one may see, with the mind's eye, moonshine on water and the faint gleam of white flowers in blue-black darkness.

This series, together with the imaginatively-named "Essence Rare," "Étude," and "Festival," comprise the newest selections of the famous house of Houbigant, founded in Paris in the seventeenth century, and they are all being manufactured at their factories of the "Parfumeries de Paris, Ltd.", at Acton.

Now we come to another manifestation of the perfumer's art. The "original" Eau de Cologne, which for so many years has been recognised as genuine under the number "4711," is now being manufactured in this country at a new factory at Slough. It would seem that England is really becoming a centre for the scent industry.

In 1709, two Italian brothers, called Farina, settled in Cologne and opened a silk shop. They also made and sold a "cordial," which they called Aqua Admirabilis, which was actually imbibed by their clients and prized for its stimulating qualities! When this became popular in Paris some years later, it was known as "Eau de Cologne," and it is from the original recipe of the brothers Farina that the delightfully refreshing extract, "4711," is still being made. Its refreshing qualities in hot weather or sickness need not be stressed at this juncture. Eau de Cologne is now incorporated in a series of excellent toilet accessories from the same firm—bath salts, soap, and toilet creams. There is also an "all-weather" cream for the sportswoman and a perfumed Eau de Cologne, in which the "Tosca" perfume has been added to the original ingredients, for those who prefer a more scented extract. All these products are easily recognisable by the distinguishing blue and gold labels and wrappings, and the number "4711" on their bottles, boxes and pots.

If there is anything in the theory of the survival of the fittest, the persistent demand for the famous Eau de Cologne, during over two hundred years, should be sufficient recommendation.

Lenare

Bows to the Fore

● An unusual evening gown or négligée of figured chiffon has been designed by Peggy Morris for Benita Hume, who looks particularly lovely in this classic type of clinging robe. It is entirely backless and is supported only by the twisted band around the neck. ● Beneath is a second glimpse of Benita Hume in a Peggy Morris costume. Here the dress is of brown and white figured crêpe-de-Chine, with a cross-over bodice tied with a bow in front and accompanied by brown suède gloves

A CHARMING dinner gown of black organdie has an accompanying cape composed of several bands of the same material cut on the cross. The bodice is tight-fitting and sleeveless and has a moderate décolletage. This is a Lanvin model from Albert and Johnson

Summer Silhouettes

FOR the statuesque type of woman this gown of white satin would be perfect. The neckline is draped in front, but at the back the dress is cut down to the waist. There is no trimming other than a spray of white leaves embroidered in front. From the Maison Ross

GREY and brown is an unusual combination, but one which Peggy Morris has utilised with success in this afternoon ensemble. The wrap-around skirt is high-waisted and the brief bodice, which is dark brown, has three - quarter length sleeves which show beneath the tiny wrap

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Those Boy Championships

I NOTICE from my list of forthcoming events in the world of golf that there is to be held, on the Royal Lytham and St. Annes golf course, starting on August 23, the Boys' Amateur Championship.

At the outset I should like to make it very clear that I dislike, more than I can say, giving any publicity to this lamentable event. On the other hand, no one, as far as I know, has yet put into print anything, even vaguely, in the nature of condemnation: the only references to the doings of these boys that one sees in any paper are reports on their play, and general publicity for their infantile gambols on the green. I have even read an article which implied that the Boys' Championship was a good thing, stating for a reason that it brought to the front many promising young golfers. This is, of course, a point of view too ludicrous to require any serious consideration beyond the fact that those among the boys who were going to make their mark in golf later on would certainly have done so with or without the Boys' Championship, and that, in the past, there has been no lack of encouragement of the right sort for the promising golfer. Much as I dislike, then, being compelled to mention this event, on the other hand, I feel it my duty to express very forcibly not merely my own opinion on this subject, but the opinion of very many golfers and parents.

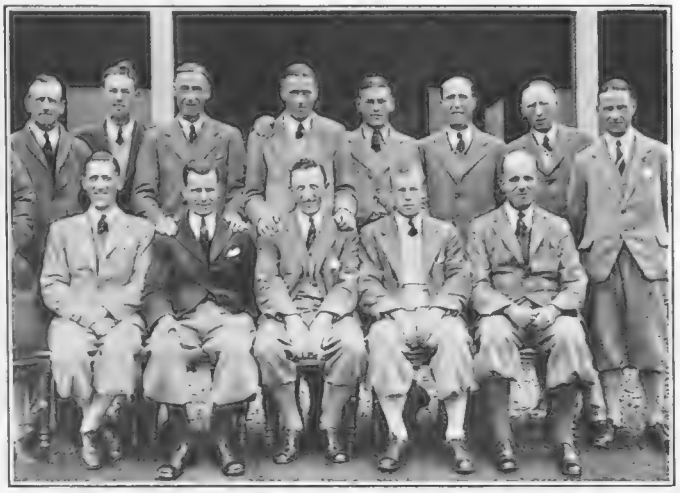
IT is only natural, since human nature is so weak, that success is apt to turn the head of the man who enjoys its favours. If this is so, how much more will success affect the inexperienced youth who has none of the hard knocks of life to fall back upon for a proper appreciation of values, and who finds himself hailed in large type as the Boy Champion of the year. I am not suggesting for one minute that all boys are like this, and that all the past winners have been spoilt, even temporarily, by their endeavours. But the fact remains that the Boys' Championship is by no means free from the most unsavoury incidents. It is bad enough to see a grown man make an exhibition of himself in public on a golf course through temperamental agitation, but it is simply asking for trouble to allow a youth, who may not yet have complete control of his temper, to be exposed to the opportunities for losing it which a sequence of untoward disasters may bring to him during the course of a Boys' Championship match. I may be told here that the wise parent will know if his boy is the sort of boy who can stand the publicity and the knocks, one likely to emerge unscathed from a successful result to his entry into the Competition, but it is my frank and firm opinion that there is no such thing as a wise parent if his son happens to be a good golfer. This, of course, is a sweeping statement, and there are many exceptions to prove the rule, one of them undoubtedly being the father of Eric Martin-Smith, who was the Amateur Champion of last year. But the rule remains, and the facts speak for themselves. I have never seen a more sickening sight, nor been present at a more devastating conversation than took place on one occasion when I heard a father commiserating with his boy who had just been beaten. I will no doubt be told that this is the fault of the father—but the Boys' Championship gives him the opportunity of doing it. Unless a lad in his teens has his head screwed on pretty firmly in the right way, he is almost bound to become swollen-headed should he do well in the Boys' Championship. And, personally, I can find no excuse for an event which so blatantly asks for this regrettable state of affairs.

I HAVE no idea who the originators of this Championship were, but I think it would interest them to attend any gathering of golfers where the conversation turns to the Boys' Championship. It is a subject for derision, and any winner of the Boys' Championship has got something to live down among his fellows when he becomes a little older. I cannot help feeling that the Press of this country is very largely responsible for this state of affairs, for the publicity given to the Boys' Championship is such that it might give the impression that the event is of some importance. Good golfers have undoubtedly competed in the Competition, and have won for themselves a place in golf later on, but so have many whose parents flatly refused to allow them to compete. I am surprised that the headmasters of the great public schools, usually so wise, have not issued an edict preventing any boys under their care from competing. A great deal of trouble is taken at schools to prevent a boy who is good at games from becoming swollen-headed, and that is surely the right spirit. It is also of lasting use in the formation of the character, which, at that time, is very susceptible to influence, and it does provide the lad concerned with an appreciation of the true values.

I AM glad to have got all this off my chest. I hope sincerely that I will never have occasion ever to mention the Boys' Championship again—in print. I cannot hope for so much as a discontinuation of this event, so that I cannot hope not to ridicule it many times in the future in conversation, but never again shall I give it one inch of publicity.

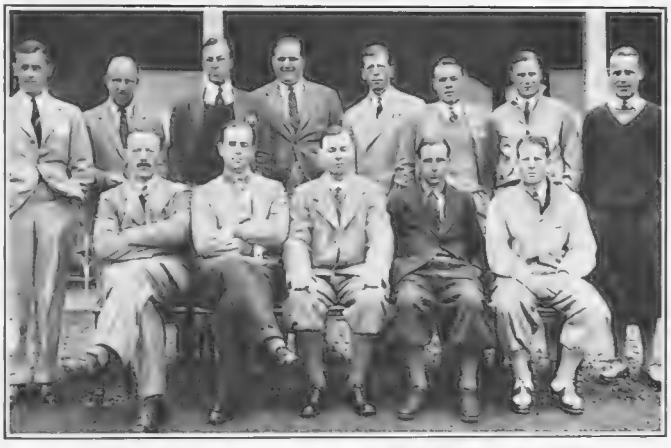
TO turn to another subject altogether (thank goodness!). I was talking a short time ago to a selector of recent International teams. He made one illuminating remark. He said that in most cases more than half the side are very easy to choose because the selections are practically automatic, but that perhaps the last two or three places have to be selected from about twenty candidates, and are thus a matter of extreme difficulty. Up to that point I entirely agreed with him, but he went on to say that among these twenty candidates there was very little to choose, and that they were each one about as good as the other. It was a question of finding out who happened to be in form at the moment. Where a definite choice still proved to be almost impossible, he maintained that if the team was already composed chiefly of men from the north, then, for the remaining places, preference should be given to those who came from the south.

FRANKLY, this point of view staggered me. It seems to me that it is definitely shirking the difficult duty which a selector shoulders when he accepts his job. Surely, an International team is meant to be the best available team which the country concerned can produce at the moment, and, surely, such a circumstance as the place of birth should have nothing whatever to do with the selections at all. A selector must make up his mind between the northern and the southern golfer, quite regardless of the locality of his birth.



The Scottish team which retains the Walker Cup after defeating England at Troon

Standing, Left to Right: R. B. Denholm, E. McRuvie, J. N. Smith, S. C. McKinlay, J. B. Stevenson, McBride, Wilson and Stewart, Seated, Left to Right: J. E. Dawson, A. Jamieson, W. Tullock, J. McLean, and J. Brock



England, the losing side, in the Walker Cup match. Scotland only defeated them by five games to four, six being halved

Standing, Left to Right: Smith, C. D. Gray, A. S. Bradshaw, R. Straker, Bowman, E. R. Tipple, A. S. Newey, and S. Lunt. Seated, Left to Right: L. G. Crawley, W. L. Hartley, Bretherton, A. G. Bentley, and E. Fiddian

A Very Vulgar Woman

By Donald Anderson

"Mortimer has become jealous of James"

Decorations by Sheila Hawkins

It must be (Denys said) that I have what is called "an open face." People are always taking me into their confidence over their most intimate indiscretions. And people *can* be indiscreet! The last person to use me in this way was Cora Blombe. On Wednesday night we happened to be at the same musical party in Hampstead; and, when the last whining fiddle had been put to rest in its black coffin, and the last contralto throat had been washed with tepid coffee, Cora offered to drive me home. Naturally, I accepted. A drive in anybody's Rolls-Royce is infinitely preferable to hiring a cab all the way from Hampstead to Mayfair. Much the same motive drove me, when we had reached Eaton Square, to accepting Cora's invitation to a drink before going on to my flat.

In the spacious drawing-room of the sickeningly large house Cora inherited from the Lord Mayor, her father, I mused for a moment on the reasons—apparent and hidden—why she had never taken a partner to share its comforts and errors of taste in decoration; for she must still be well on the right side of forty. Perhaps, I thought, her inclination is not that way; and, anyhow, with her bulk, she is not every man's woman.

With ample whiskys and sodas in our hands, we settled ourselves in very easy chairs, and Cora began; "Denys——," she said earnestly.

This use of my Christian name must not be taken as evidence of close friendship between us; it was more in the nature of a social habit. Before our meeting that night, we had not exchanged more than half-a-dozen casual "how-d'you-do's," though I had noticed Cora at many more than that number of parties. She gets herself invited somehow, and is difficult not to notice, for, in addition to the carrying timbre of her voice, there are the strident colours she affects. There, in front of me in her drawing-room, her frock was of puce and grass-green, which hurt the eye; and her hair was too uncared-for to make looking at her head a pleasure. Therefore, to give an appearance of attention, I fixed my gaze on an enormous diamond brooch at the base of her décolletage.

"Denys," she said earnestly, "I am in awful trouble."

"Good lord!" I said, "I should never have thought it."

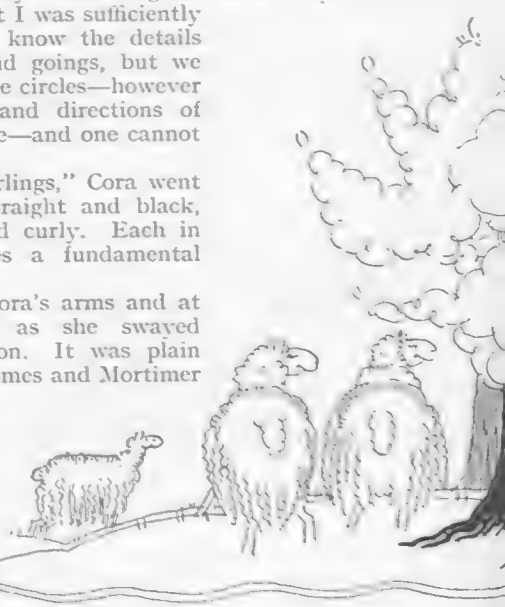
As soon as I had spoken, I realised that my placement of my hostess beyond the pale of trouble might be taken as an insult—but I left it at that; and Cora seemed not to notice the gaffe. She went on without pause, and portentously: "*Mortimer has become jealous of James!*"

"Dear, dear!" I said, with sympathetic but cautious reticence, for I had no idea how this particular confidence was going to work out. At the same time, its beginning intrigued me—referring as it did to male jealousy—because, so far as I knew, nobody had ever heard of Cora's having anything even remotely resembling an affair. Not, as I have said already, that I was sufficiently intimate with her to know the details of all her comings and goings, but we move in much the same circles—however different the speeds and directions of our revolutions may be—and one cannot avoid hearing things.

"They are both darlings," Cora went on. "Mortimer is straight and black, and James is fair and curly. Each in his own way satisfies a fundamental need in me."

The diamonds on Cora's arms and at her breast sparkled as she swayed slightly in her emotion. It was plain that the problem of James and Mortimer was a major one in her life.

"I really don't know what to do



about it," she almost sobbed. "I am absolutely devoted to both of them, and should be awfully upset to have to part with either."

"Quite," I said, as the only appropriate remark which came to my lips.

As I listened to this outpouring of the agony of a human soul, I racked my brains to recollect who James and Mortimer might be; but the names struck no chord of memory. In my mind's eye I read down a list of our common acquaintances, but Mortimer, the straight and black, and James, the fair and curly, were nowhere on it. I did not dare to put the question of their identity outright, because Cora was taking it for granted that I knew them, and to profess ignorance might have been to suggest that she was consorting with men outside the pale of known and respectable society, and I would not have done that—even to Cora. I held my peace, and trusted to the unrolling of the confidence to reveal who they were. For Cora was obviously in the mood to leave no secret untold.

"You see," she continued, "I used to go for drives with Mortimer. We went in one of my cars always. Richmond Park, Epping Forest, Skindles at Maidenhead. You know Skindles?"

"Yes," I admitted, having remembered my mother talking about its charms in the 'nineties; though I was surprised to hear of its continued existence.

"We talked a lot about poetry. Mortimer is a great admirer of Kipling and Banjo Patterson. He used to recite long pieces to me about mustangs in the great open spaces, and the British Empire. And, when he couldn't remember any particular poem, we used to read it together out of a book. It was a most satisfying relationship.

"Then, one day, I noticed James; and, as soon as I had noticed him, I simply *had* to get to know him better. I asked him to come and have tea with me in this very room. He came, and was so charming that I often asked him again. His flashing smile and gaiety made a refreshing counterpart to Mortimer's more serious attitude to life. But he could be very naughty at times. One afternoon, when I had told him to come to tea, I was kept longer than I expected by my dressmaker, and was about half an hour late in getting home.

"I suppose James had to find something to do while waiting for me, but you can imagine how upset I was when I walked in at that door to see him allowing a rather pretty parlour-maid I had at the time to flirt with him. It was my fault really for being late, and I should not have minded so much if I hadn't noticed that James was not as unresponsive to the shameless girl's advances as he should have been. But, after I had scolded him, he became very repentant and sweet. Of course, I dismissed the maid without a reference, though my housekeeper reported on her as being a good worker."

"If she was pretty," I said consolingly, "she would be able to find work in Piccadilly any day she wanted it."

Cora's brow darkened. I had obviously said the wrong thing.

"I don't care," she exclaimed with heat, "whether she could find work or not! Unfaithful servants deserve no consideration whatsoever!"

"Quite," I said.

The puzzle of who Mortimer and James were was no nearer solution. I could think of no men who, even in their cups, would have wanted to recite Kipling in Epping Forest, or would have had the bad taste to flirt with a parlour-maid in circumstances where they were bound to be found out. It crossed my mind that they might have been professional dancing partners from one of the hotels or restaurants, but I knew most of those unhappy beings by sight, and one or two by name, and none of them fitted the description Cora had given of her attractive bounders.

The question of whether Cora was sober crossed my mind, too, but was ruled out immediately. There had not been time to get drunk in her house; and the "cup" served at the musical party in Hampstead had been virginal, if, for the sake of metaphor, one can class alcohol as masculine.

I decided to give up worrying about the problem of identity and to sit listening with my ears open and my mind a blank.

"As James hadn't got Mortimer's talent for poetry," Cora went on, "I decided to teach him backgammon as an intellectual substitute, but he pretended to be very stupid about it. He generally insisted on putting the board away, and simply using the dice to throw for money—and he preferred to use his own dice. I lost so much money to him that I tried as often as possible to make him take me for a drive instead of playing games. Naturally I wanted to use one of my cars, as I did with Mortimer, but James insisted on a Daimler Hire every time we went out. It was very naughty and expensive of him, but, if I ever get fond of anyone, I can't refuse them anything they ask. That will show you the sort of girl I am."

"Mmm," I said.

"I don't know if Mortimer got to hear about James and me playing backgammon and dice, but, just about then, he seemed to tire of motoring, and began taking me to the dogs instead. The dogs aren't as comfortable as Sandown, and rather smelly; but I enjoyed it for Mortimer's sake—though it cost me a lot in betting."

At this point I decided that Cora was definitely sober; but much more definitely mad. How otherwise could a grown woman, even as vulgar as Cora, have let herself fall into the hands of so obvious a pair of crooks?

"On the whole, I managed to divide my time equally between my two boys; but, towards the end, hard as I had tried to keep them apart, I couldn't help feeling something in the atmosphere which told me trouble was brewing.

"Yesterday, it all came to a head. I was sitting in here explaining to Mortimer as nicely as I could that his friendship really did matter to me, when, to my utter embarrassment, in walked James. There was an awful scene. I had always imagined that men made a pretence of curbing their baser feelings in a lady's drawing-room; but James and Mortimer had only the lightest of snaffles on their behaviour when they came face to face, with me in the middle. Of course, the situation was not altogether unlikeable. I don't suppose there's a woman living who could honestly say she didn't like to see strong men fighting over her. But there are limits. Mortimer's and James's language to each other was frightful. It was this that finally made me realise the depths of their jealousy of each other. Then they turned on me together—as if I hadn't done everything I could to make both of them happy! The end of it was that they agreed to give me till to-morrow to choose between them.

"They left the room together, but my butler told me afterwards that they came to blows again as soon as they were out of the room, and, if he hadn't stopped him, Mortimer would have thrown James over the bannisters. I had no idea men could be so barbaric. But my butler absolutely refused to repeat the things he had heard them say to each other on the stairs—not that it mattered, because I had heard them doing their best in here."

"Disgraceful!" I said.

"And now," Cora said, almost in tears, "I have got to decide between them, and I cannot bear to make a move towards losing either."

"Did they really mean what they said about your choosing?" I asked weakly.

Continued on page ii.

West Country Tennis

The Wiltshire Tournament

Miss A. J. Moon, the runner-up, and Miss D. S. White, the winner, in the Women's Singles of the Wiltshire Tournament, which was played recently at Pythouse, Tisbury

Above: The Duke of Somerset doing his bit in the Tennis Week at Pythouse by acting as umpire for one of the matches

Miss Anne Saville, looking at the scoreboard, to see who is playing next, with Miss Daphne Binney, who carries her knitting around so that she doesn't waste time between matches

Above: The Duchess of Somerset and her son, Lord Seymour, arriving at the Club where the tournaments were played

Right: Mrs. Leger Livingstone-Learmouth, Lady Katherine Cairns, daughter of Earl Cairns, and Miss Betty Block were among those who took part in the tournament

Right: Major Hannay, Major Mansel, Mrs. Charles Gordon, Lady Georgina Agar and Mr. Charles Gordon watching the play. Pythouse Tennis Week is one of the big social events of the West of England summer

Letters of a Lady Golfer

By Eleanor E. Helme

The season at North Berwick is now in full swing, and the golf course is thickly populated from crack of dawn onwards. Miss Lula Esmond (left), over from France, is among the visitors, and is with Mrs. Ray Atherton

DEAR BYSTANDER,—

Do you ever dream about golf? I have come to the conclusion that it is a most uncomfortable game for one's sleeping moments, far worse (don't say "that's impossible," or I shall feel you have struck a very bad patch indeed) than one's waking dreams. Have you ever once hit a decent shot in your dreams, or arrived on the first tee of a championship up to time, duly clothed and in your right mind, or sunk a putt across the green? I never have. Usually, there is a stout stiff hedge just behind the tee when I dream, so that my club never so much as reaches the top of the back swing, far less arrives at the ball. I have sometimes, with a great effort, managed to hit it backwards, between my feet, but I presume that then its destination can only have been the hedge. Luckily, I wake up before that.

A mixed bag near the first tee at North Berwick: Miss Laura Charteris, playing Yo-Yo, Mr. Frank Tennant, brother of Lady Oxford and Miss Charteris's grandfather, and, selling flags for Lifeboat Day, Miss Beryl Marriott and Miss Jean Farie, Admiral J. U. Farie's daughter

THEN I am always imprisoned in the clubhouse, beating wildly against the doors, when my name is called, and when unwilling feet have been compelled to get me to the tee—you know how each knee refuses to get past the other in your dreams—I am always minus one shoe. Nowadays, when I play less golf, I dream about it much more, and there is one awful nightmare which pursues me: a championship is in progress and I know nothing and care less about who is surviving. With an awful struggle, I realise that the semi-final round has been reached, and I have no idea who the surviving four are, or anything about the homeric struggles they must have gone through to arrive there. What, if anything, does all this mean?

There is an even worse nightmare—that I have been told to announce certain coming events, and not announced them, so that in place of a cheerful gathering, a rush of entries and a thoroughly successful meeting, I arrive at a dismal blank, a waste and wilderness, without so much as a single rabbit therein.

ACCORDINGLY, for fear of that nightmare proving real, let me here and now unburden myself to you of all the fixtures which have been poured into my ear. This year is still busy fixture-making: the day after the final of the mixed foursomes at Worplesdon, West Hill are going to hold an open meeting again. West Hill is a course beloved of everybody, entrants fairly tumble over each other to get into the limit of players who can be accepted, and there must be a good deal of consolation, after ignominious defeat with a stout partner at Worplesdon, to step across the road and, with your own unaided hand, achieve great things at its nearest neighbour.

I wonder if you are a devotee of Worplesdon, West Hill, or Woking? Controversy often waxes hot about them. Personally, with me, it's a case of "how happy could I be with either, were t'other fair charmer away," and whichever I am playing on at the minute seems to be my chief love of the trio. I believe that, really, Woking is the best test for a woman, because you get more iron play than at the other two, but I have a deep affection for Worplesdon, and have played many a round which gave me intense pleasure (in spite of a few little accidents in the burn) at West Hill. To have all the short holes at any of them in three, twice in one day, is to go away happy—and a prizewinner, unless something very strange has been happening at the others. At all events, there are the short holes of West Hill, five of the best, awaiting attack on Friday, October 14, and let nobody say that I have not warned them in good time that entries will fill up quickly.

(*Continued on page* 336)

"Bystander" Club Competition

For the greatest number of cards, relative to its membership, returned by one club for THE BYSTANDER *spoons, each month. A Challenge Cup and memento are also given for the greatest number of cards, relative to membership, during the year, and the three leading clubs are presented with prizes to be subsequently competed for by their own members. Full particulars on application. One coupon entitles a player to send any number of cards during the current month.*

In addition to the above, from August to December, 1932, the three leading clubs each month will each receive three gold *Eve* brooches, to mark the change-over from *Britannia and Eve to* THE BYSTANDER

Clubs may use these brooches as they like, but it is suggested that they might go to the three members who have returned the greatest number of cards for the winning total.

Links with Character:

Intimate Impressions of Famous Golf Clubs

By Gerard Fairlie

No. 3.
Sandwich

Pictured by H. H. Harris

THE approach to Sandwich loses a great deal of its charm if it is made in any other way than by car. To go by train is merely to sit in your carriage and look out on to the Kentish countryside, noting with relish, by means of the little liver pill hoardings, that London is gradually receding into the distance and that your holiday is, with every moment, becoming more real. You do not really start your holiday until you get out of the train, but if you go by car you begin to get the holiday feeling much earlier—at about the Marquis of Granby, in fact. Then for the great new arterial road, with the raw material in the fields on every side, and the finished product waiting for you should you stop at any of the many convenient public-houses. I always think that they must be an amazingly thirsty lot who travel on that road, if all those inns are made to pay; perhaps it is just force of suggestion from the fields.

BUT to enter Sandwich by car is practically to enter another land altogether, a land strangely devoted to golf. True, this old Cinque Port (if there is a singular to the name which carried so much blood and thunder in the days gone by) still makes a pretence at naval practices, perhaps to remind itself of ancient glories. But the glories of Sandwich nowadays are the glories of memories: there remain old and odd streets, curving mischievously and narrowly to thwart the one-ton lorries; the houses, faintly curious to see what's going on, leaning in all directions and chatting together, and bulging on the first floor with the portliness of age. But the chat, or so it seems to me, is no longer of foreign armadas and galleons full of gold: it is intelligent, well-informed forecasting of who will win the St. George's Cup.

A Most Unusual View of the Clubhouse

The Clubhouse is but a farmhouse enlarged and improved and made luxurious, but from the outside a farmhouse all the same

PRINCE'S Golf Club at Sandwich must forgive me for the title of this article. But why not? Prince's is a talented but unprecocious younger brother to the representative of the family in the House of Lords, The Royal St. George's. Family (I nearly wrote "maiden") name, Sandwich. It is really a compliment to the position which Prince's holds to-day that I should be writing this discreet apology: it is not so very long ago that Sandwich just meant St. George's.

THE Royal St. George's Golf Club, Sandwich, to give the old club its full and imposing title, does not at first sight give the impression which, later, the sensitive stranger may experience. The clubhouse is but a farmhouse, enlarged and improved and made luxurious, but from the outside just a farmhouse all the same. It nestles in its clump of trees, and its garage accommodation looks from a distance just as do all outhouses and barns. Were one unacquainted with the game of golf, one might easily expect a cow to saunter, grass dangling from ill-fitting lips, from the professional's shop, or a pig and its litter from the main car shed. Even an excited hen, exultant because not egg-bound, rushing from the front door, is not beyond the bounds of imaginative possibility.

BUT these delightful surroundings, breathing of friendliness and easy-going comradeship, are not entirely descriptive of the atmosphere of the club. Just as some farms are securely guarded by the ferocity of their watch-dogs, so is St. George's protected from the undesired attentions of the wandering visitor by the severity of its rules. I must not be understood to mean by these words that St. George's is unfriendly: far from it; as soon as the visitor has been duly and properly introduced and is playing with the member who has introduced him, all is as delightful as it could be . . . but not until then. And quite right, too, from the point of view of the members.

ST. GEORGE'S is proud of its history, and proud of itself. It has every reason to be—it is one of the championship courses, where both the amateur and open events have taken place on many historic occasions: it instituted, very many years ago, the St. George's Champion Grand Challenge Cup, an immense gold edifice amongst cups and vases, the winning of which is virtually considered to mean the winning of the medal play championship amongst amateurs; and all the older players of the game bring up their young to reverence St. George's, much as one would reverence something very nearly as important and world-famous as the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews. Personally, and at great fear of parental wrath, I must confess that I have lost that reverence.

Robert Grant Wins All the Cups and Medals

Among his admirers standing around are Lieut.-Colonel Moore-Brabazon, Robert Harris, "Tony" Torrance, "Jumbo" Straker, and a couple of also-rans

PERHAPS it is because of familiarity which has certainly not bred contempt (I find it immensely difficult to get round in under eighty), perhaps it is because members of St. George's are so very pressing in their protestations that in all the Cinque Ports there is only one real golf course, perhaps it is because of the ill-concealed uneasiness which these protestations betray at the success and growing popularity of Prince's.

But I think it is chiefly because I do like to see where my ball finishes after I have hit it.

Among the sandhills at Royal St. George's

IT is not my purpose in these articles to describe the courses of the clubs which I am attempting to sketch in words. I am after the atmosphere alone. But where there is a definite feature in the course which bears out the description of the atmosphere which, to me, clings round the famous clubs, I propose to mention it. And in the links we have, I think, the clue to the Royal St. George's Club.

I HAVE said that I like to see the finish of my strokes. At St. George's this is not possible from five of the first nine tee-shots, and from five of the last nine tee-shots. Ten out of eighteen, in other words, are blind shots, and these include three out of the four short holes—to my mind, a little over the odds; but although it comes from this, it is not actually in this blindness that the clue to St. George's may be found.

NO: when a hole is blind, or, as at St. George's, many holes have blind shots to them, the inevitable result is that the player, except for occasional glimpses of those directly in front or behind him, is playing in solitude except for his opponent and the caddies. Never have I played on a course where I have been able to see less of what is going on around me at other holes. This solitude, in a sense, is rather fun: and it is a solitude which St. George's carries from the course to the club and clubhouse.

The Sandwich Signal Section under Fire

On the maiden hole, the signal boy's flag gives the "All Clear" to players waiting their turn

I suppose the only word for it is arrogance, much as I have tried to avoid that distasteful word. But, if you can understand what I mean, not altogether an unpleasant arrogance.

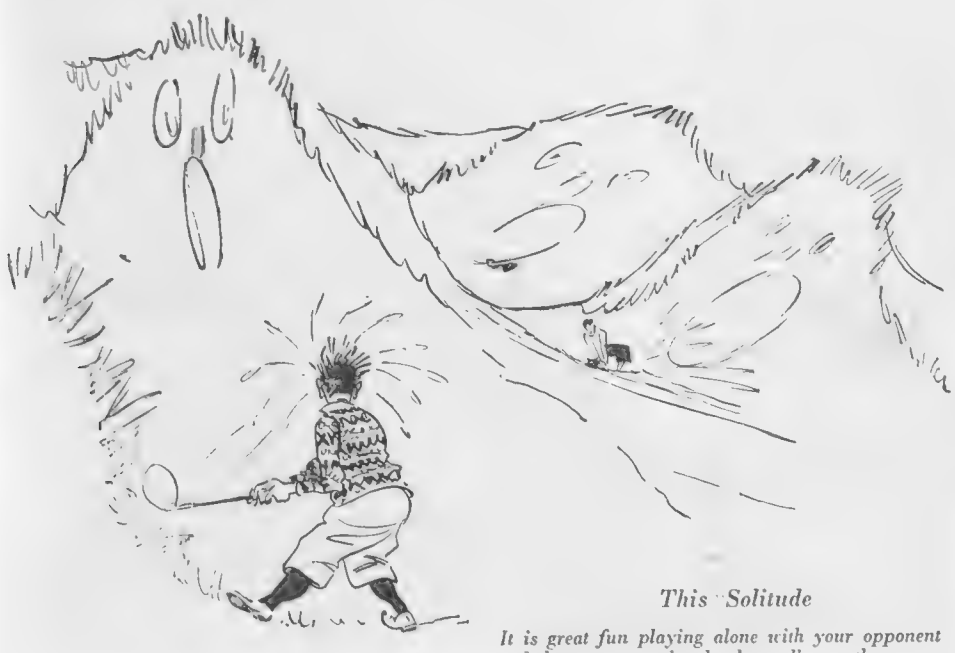
I CANNOT imagine that cackling hen bursting from the doors of the Royal St. George's Golf Club, Sandwich. But the farmhouse is not so long ago, and in any case, all of the members would laugh—they are not so full of pride that they have lost their sense of humour and appreciation of values. But there is something about St. George's which is forbidding, something which makes one walk warily and watch one's step. Why this should be I am at a loss to understand, for the Royal and Ancient, and the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, do not inspire the visitor with such a sense of inferiority; and one is greater, the other just as great, as my lord of St. George's.

Perhaps it is merely the scarlet headings to the club notepaper.

OR, perhaps, again, it is because of the immensity of the bunkers, yawning all over the course for the shot which is not struck quite perfectly, waiting to extract to the last drop a fitting cup of blood after a slice or hook. Never unfair, yet outrageously cruel; never lighthearted at a golfer's disaster, always grim and purposeful.

ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S ranks rightly as one of the great golf courses of the world. But such is its atmosphere that I am astonished at my temerity in daring to criticise even one blade of grass.

I do wish I could see that hen at the front door—just once.



This Solitude

It is great fun playing alone with your opponent and the great yawning bunkers all over the course

NEXT WEEK:

Gerard Fairlie and H. H. Harris

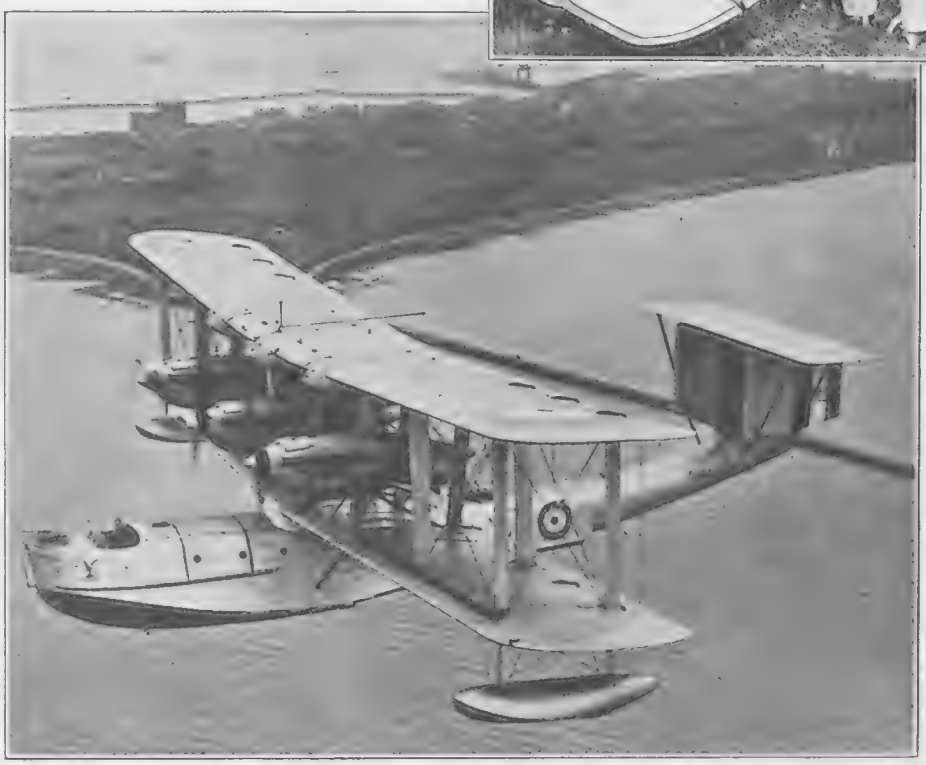
are impressed by

Stoke Poges

New Airport Planned—South of London

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Miss Fidelia Crossley, the only woman pilot in the annual race from London to Newcastle, who piloted a Comper Swift, the popular British single-seater



For long reconnaissance and air-route patrol. One of the large flying boats used by the R.A.F., photographed over Felixstowe before starting on a cruise to the North of Scotland. The hull is all metal and the three engines, seen between the main planes, are Rolls-Royce, each approaching 1000 horse-power

Authorised Instruction

THE system whereby any pilot with a commercial licence could teach others to fly, irrespective of his aptitude or training for this special work, is to cease as from the end of this year. The Air Ministry has adopted the scheme put forward by the Guild of Air Pilots last year, which provides for an endorsement on the licence of all pilots who wish to remain or become instructors. The Guild has every intention of making the standard a high one, and it will be comparable with that already set by the Central Flying School of the R.A.F. and Air Service Training at Hamble, which is the leading civil school. Generations of pilots, yet untrained, can, if they wish, be protected from the danger of forming bad flying faults in the early stages of their tuition by joining a school or club where all the instructors are licensed. There are two exceptions to the Air Ministry's Order: one, where the pilot and pupil are both members of a recognised club, and the other is the case of a private owner teaching his friends to fly without fee. In practice, no club of any standing will employ an unqualified instructor, so that the second exception offers the only real loophole in a scheme which is otherwise in the best interests of the public.

The Maidstone Airport

THERE has been a landing ground at West Malling for years, with an excellent surface and possibilities for extensions which would make it into a first-class aerodrome. The initiative has been taken by a company, Land, Air and Water Services, which has purchased the site and its immediate surroundings for development purposes, and from what I have seen of it, together with plans for the future, it should become one of the most popular flying centres in the country. The moving spirit in the enterprise is Count Johnston-Noad, well known as a pilot of racing motor-boats and cars. Maidstone is within easy reach of London by road, is situated in lovely country and is also the centre for a large district where people live who can afford to fly. The site itself is most attractive, and I can recommend it for a week-end call. An Air Ministry Licence for public use has been granted, so that all facilities normally required are available. The programme for the future, which has several novel features, includes an Airport Club for the general public as well as a Flying Club. The former will be run on "roadhouse" lines, an idea which is certain to be copied elsewhere for the purpose of interesting the passer-by in aviation. Subscriptions to each of the Clubs are very moderate and entrance fees have been waived for the time being, until the buildings for, which plans are ready, are completed. The present Club building has a licence and there is a hangar with engineers on duty.

The Gliding Competitions

FROM August 25 until September 4, the B.G.A. is holding open competitions at Moorside, near Barrow-in-Furness, where there is ideal hilly country overlooking the sea. A most comprehensive programme has been arranged, to include all types of glider, prizes being awarded for distance, altitude, duration, with special awards for women pilots. The Lord Wakefield Trophy and cups presented by Mr. Volk and Captain de Havilland are included. As a camp is part of the organisation, competitors and other interested parties are advised to get in touch with their local club as soon as possible in order to make early reservations. One of the attractions at the London Gliding Club ground is Whipsnade, just a mile or so along the ridge. A favourite jaunt for soaring experts seems to be a visit to the lions, who have no fear of an aircraft which makes no noise. Judging by the difficulty of seeing the animals from the ground the Club might well advertise the advantages of the air view.

Good Finish for Air Race

BECAUSE the course was straight, the annual race from London to Newcastle gave the handicappers a better chance than the King's Cup. Profiting by the poor finish of the latter, judged from the point of view of the public, Mr. Dancy and Mr. Rowarth arranged that the first three machines arrived within a minute of each other, a satisfactory result which may have have been due also in some measure to the fact that each used K.L.G. plugs.

An Isle of Wight House Party

Host, Hostess, Guests and Puppies

Above: Viscountess Esher and her second daughter, the Hon. Nancy Brett, at Nunwell Park, where they were staying with General and Mrs. Aspinall-Oglander

Left: Sitting in the garden of her lovely Isle of Wight house, Nunwell Park, part of which dates from one of the very early centuries: Mrs. Aspinall-Oglander and no less than eight retriever puppies which must have given the after-Cowes house party a lot of entertainment

Above: Miss Rosemary Peto, Mrs. Lindsay's sixteen-year-old daughter, and the Hon. Lionel Brett, only son of Lord and Lady Esher, playing bowls, hardly of regulation size, on the terrace

Left: Brig.-General Aspinall-Oglander showing an armful of puppies to some of his house party; the others in the group are: Lady Esher and her youngest daughter, the Hon, Priscilla Brett, Mrs. Lindsay (kneeling), and Timothy Peto-Lindsay, her only son

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

A Needle Match

Seen below: Lady Wright competing in the open jumping competition on "Toby" at the Withington Horse Show, Gloucestershire

Well Over!

THE Highland grouse have now got over their first shock and are getting hardened to as withering a fire as the moors have known for a long time. It's all for their own good as a race, but I doubt if that will be much comfort to the individual as he goes over the top.

The Highland Lairds have also got over their first shock—the fear that American tenants would be as rare as capercailzie this season. It certainly isn't a boom year for Americans, or any variety of tenant for that matter, but it isn't so bad as some Cassandras in the kilt have been prophesying.

TALKING of Americans, rather a good story was being told at the close of the last deer-stalking season. A well-known chieftain of the Western Highlands let his house and shooting, exchanged his bonnet for a béret, and went sun-bathing in the South. He returned to Scotland just before his tenant started back for the States, and was invited to dinner.

"See here," said the host, when the port was on its rounds, "I don't want to start anything, but I reckon you ought to know that the only things with horns and hooves on these hills are buck sheep. I'm taking no antlers home with me this trip. Haven't even had a chance to miss one."

The McDram of McDram—as we may as well call him—was astounded, and said so. The surrounding hills, he told them, were famous for the sport they had shown in the past. He gave the company a few statistics, but they were still sceptical.

"I'm from Missouri," said the tenant. "Show me."

The McDram accepted the challenge. He even went so far as to belie his long and exclusively Scottish ancestry by betting that he would go out with the doubter and his party next day and kill two stags. If he failed he would forfeit the rent of the shoot; if he succeeded he would win £50. The bet was taken, and numerous side bets were exchanged.

Next day they killed five stags before four o'clock in the afternoon. All of them fell to the McDram, though the rest of the party were given plenty of chances. I daresay there is a moral in this story somewhere.

DISTINGUISHED athletes who take to the pen are sometimes not so record-making on paper as they were on the track. I was discussing the

A Hit—A Palpable Six!

F. R. Brown, the young Surrey amateur, hitting one of his seven sixes out of the ground when playing against Middlesex at the Oval. He made 212 in 185 minutes, and was also destructive with the ball

nt Hastings

The match between Sussex and Kent had a considerable bearing on the cricket championship, but the finish, when merely a draw was possible, was a great disappointment to a crowd which was a record for the ground. Above is seen Langridge, J., batting for Sussex. His two innings of 88 and 84, not out, did much to save his county from possibility of defeat

Olympic Games rather sadly with a famous young Cambridge hurdler the other day, and he brought up this question of sports criticism. As an example he pointed out that H. M. Abrahams, who used to leap tremendous distances over the ground with unerring judgment, recently jumped to a somewhat odd conclusion.

Apparently he complained—apropos of world records at Los Angeles—that it is unjust to disallow a record because a hurdle has been knocked over in passing.

"We 're not all saints, even in the athletic world," commented my young friend, "otherwise we 'd be taking running jumps at ourselves through our haloes. It 's quite possible to save half a second by deliberately knocking down a hurdle, and you 're allowed to knock down two without being disqualified altogether. Therefore you could save a clear second in a race by a little judicious dishonesty, and I needn 't tell you that a second may make all the difference where a world's record is concerned. Of course, if you knock 'em over by mistake, you 're likely to come an awful purler, and lose time instead of gaining it. But that 's only another point in favour of the record-disqualifying rule. If you don't have it, you handicap the man with a conscience."

THOSE who know Mr. John de Forest, the British amateur golf champion, have been amused by the report that he has undertaken to pay £100 to charity for every hard drink he swallows when in America with the Walker Cup team. Any charity which depended on this source of income would soon be an object of charity itself, for John de Forest is a strong-minded person well equipped to resist even transatlantic hospitality.

AS a matter of fact, the average young man of to-day is apt to take his sports rather more soberly than his predecessors of a few years ago. One knows, of course, startling exceptions—startling in the height of their achievements as well as in the depth of their potations—but the great athletic soaks are rarer than they used to be. I don't know whether it 's because of the general return to puritanism, or whether it 's just because the competition is stronger; but I do know that some of those heroes, who broke every copy-book notion of training, were as worthy of their Olympic honours as any of their well-behaved successors.

Following in Father's Footsteps

On the left is Master Jim Thrail, the fifteen-year-old son of Mr. J. A. E. Thrail, seen with him previous to the son's initial game in first class polo, when he assisted the Thrailers to defeat the Nomads

THE schoolboys' tournament sent the lawn tennis experts off on their annual hunt for new British hopes. But the chase was disappointing. These youths are too cautious by far, and hardly one of them dares to put any vigour into their second service. R. Pulbrook of Harrow, who had to scratch in the fifth round, was perhaps the most promising of them all. He can wield a cricket bat as successfully as he can a racquet.

THE last time I saw Percy Chapman he was cheerfully assuring everybody that Kent has a very sound chance of winning the County Championship now that Father Marriott has joined Freeman in the business of attack. Percy has always been an optimist. That 's one of his great charms, and I shall always think it a pity that his optimism isn 't going to Australia.

THE Great White Sales are on in the world of professional soccer. One noted amateur has gone from the Corinthians on to the books of Brighton and Hove, and Alec Jackson has left Chelsea for Cheshire. Big deals have been done in man-flesh, and it will be interesting to see whether there is a suitable return on the prime-cuts of centre forward and the sirloin or two of half-back, which have been transferred from Northern to Southern counters. Scots beef is still the best on the market, to judge from the prices paid.

All the same, they know their job, these soccer managers, and they do provide good, entertaining football for cash.

A Pro. of Promise

Parker, Surrey's new left-handed slow bowler—a rarity, indeed, for Surrey—who can also bat a bit. He comes from Battersea, and is the son of a member of the Force

Books of the Day

Edgar Wallace Intime: The Jew and the Turk

By "Junius"

MR. ROBERT G. CURTIS, who, for nineteen years, was the friend and secretary of Edgar Wallace, has written a memoir of that "master of mystery," as he has been called: *Edgar Wallace—Each Way* (John Long; 7*s.* 6*d.*). He tells us "Edgar Wallace did not write his most thrilling story; he lived it." Mr. Curtis's book proves this statement.

As a ragged boy, playing truant from school, Wallace sold newspapers outside the Press Club in Fleet Street to get money for ginger-beer, theatre galleries, and toffee. He became Chairman of that Club, and "entertained Earls at lunch and drank his champagne from a pint tankard"—one of the rare occasions when he drank anything alcoholic.

Mr. Curtis says that Edgar Wallace's philosophy was that he "loved living," and "no man could have more literally obeyed the injunction to 'take no thought for to-morrow.' From every incident, great or small, he gleaned the full kernel of its lesson, threw away the husks, and worried no more about them."

WE learn, too, from Mr. Curtis that Wallace did not write from the love of writing, from the necessity for expression, which impels the pen of so many writers to a regular output. His hundred and fifty books, his twenty plays, and newspaper articles, which no one has numbered, were only written when "stern necessity in some unpleasant guise was knocking at the door . . . his incurable optimism always persuaded him that the story would be finished and payment received for it before necessity knocked the door down. When he was in funds, work was postponed to that distant date when money would be short again." And the result was £81,000 of liabilities when he died suddenly at Hollywood, whither he had gone because of financial necessity.

These liabilities, Mr. Curtis says, would have "terribly distressed" Wallace because his "golden rule of conduct was that Edgar Wallace must never let anyone down."

It is interesting to learn that there were no ghosts or "devils" behind Wallace's prodigious output. He wrote the first few thousand words of a story with his own hand, sometimes over and over again. Then, having got it to his liking, he spoke the rest into a dictaphone.

Mr. Curtis has drawn a personality so attractive and interesting that you close the book with a feeling of regret that "Edgar Wallace, the great-hearted gambler, reckless, improvident, generous, tender, and altogether lovable," should have come to his death actually through his improvidence.

MISS NAOMI JACOB has many admirers. Her novels on what one may term the Upper Jewry, stand by themselves in their reality and subtlety of presentment. But I think older-fashioned readers will be shocked by her latest novel, *Young Emmanuel* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*). The moderns, I expect, will see it from the author's point of view.

The book is a continuation of its predecessor, *That Wild Lie*, in which a Viennese Jew, Emmanuel Gollantz, founded a big fine art business in London. He was a splendid character. Young Emmanuel is his grandson, inheriting his grandfather's traits of absolute integrity and devotion to his family. He has a younger brother, Julian, upon whom the gods have showered every gift—looks, charm, brilliance of brain.

Miss Naomi Jacob

"Young Emmanuel" is the name of Miss Jacob's latest novel of Jewish family life, which has just been published and of which a review appears on this page

Emmanuel goes into the great business created by his grandfather, and extended by his father, Max Gollantz. Julian goes into Parliament. He is utterly selfish, and twice, to save himself from ruin, uses Emmanuel's name—once, when a disreputable night-club is raided, and again as a cover to a correspondence.

All the facts of life are the novelist's field, but I think I am right in saying that Miss Jacob is the first novelist to use the subject of that correspondence as a pivotal essential in the plot of a novel. It is not pleasant, but Miss Jacob uses it to show the intense family feeling which exists amongst the Jews. In a Christian family, no brother would have taken the odium of Julian's letters upon his shoulders, with its consequent ostracism and exile, as Emmanuel did. But Miss Jacob has the gift of making her readers understand conceptions of family duty quite alien to their own.

I PROPHESY as great a success for *Golden Horn* (Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*), by F. Yeats-Brown, as that gained by his *Bengal Lancer*. Nothing in fiction was ever so thrilling. And it is done most cleverly, because the author sets his stage before he himself appears upon it.

First, we have a vivid picture of the Sultan Abdul Hamid—William Watson's "Abdul the Damned"—at Yildiz Kiosk in the days immediately preceding his deposition by the Committee of Union and Progress which exiled him to Salonika and helped in no small measure to bring about the War. Into Turkey at war on the side of Germany, Mr. Yeats-Brown crashed in an aeroplane, and was taken prisoner.

From Bagdad he was taken to Mosul, and finally, after several attempts to escape, succeeded in getting out of a fortress in Stamboul, disguised as a woman—one of the most amazing adventures in the War.

Mr. Yeats-Brown is not a mere recorder of strange and exciting experiences. His own personality, with its intuitive perceptions, its philosophy, and its wise, calm outlook on the changed conditions of the world, is impressed on every page.

THOSE of you who have a liking for old furniture will delight in *Billy Ditt: The Romance of a Chippendale Chair*, 1760-1925 (Mills and Boon; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Thomas Rohan. The author, as you know, is an authority on antiques—glass, china, furniture. Here, he tells us the story of a Chippendale chair from its making, in 1760, by the great Chippendale himself, to the story of its last owner. Human lives for more than a century and a half revolve round this chair. A delightful book, very touching sometimes, and filled with its writer's knowledge of other beautiful old things besides the chair.

PERSONALLY, after reading Mr. Hubert Griffith's *Seeing Soviet Russia* (The Bodley Head; 3*s.* 6*d.*), I have no desire to visit a country of which he says: ". . . the bare, spare life of modern Russia—with all its thoughts and all it aims bent so drivingly upon the future—is life in a romantic land," for, with all deference to Mr. Griffith's interesting descriptions of what he saw, I can't see a particle of romance in them, only squalor, and the using of every individual as a rivet in a ship and nothing more. But you should read the book, since Mr Griffith is not a man who writes lightly

Off To—

Sweden

Above: A party of women golfers parade for the camera at the station before leaving for Sweden where they play in the Swedish Championships

Left: 6.30 a.m. sees Mr. J. C. Fenwick, field master of the Percy Hounds, and Lord Hugh Percy, the Duke of Northumberland's brother, at Rugley Farm, Alnwick, for the meet before going cub-hunting

The Meet

America

Kaye Don, with Mr. W. F. Sturm, his American manager, and Mr. A. Limb on the Majestic at Southampton, on his way to Detroit, where he and Gar Wood will fight out their battle in the International Trophy race

Hospital?

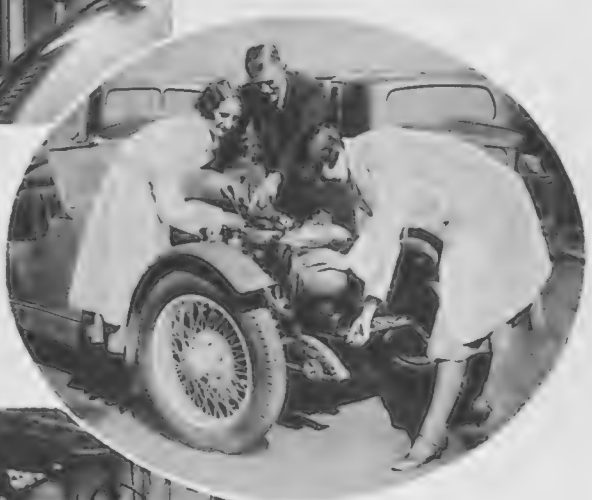
No, because, surprising as it may seem, neither rider nor mount were hurt when Petnehazy of Hungary and his horse parted company at a jump in the Modern Pentathlon in the Olympic Games

Buying a Car: Some Points to Look For

By The Earl of Cardigan

An engine which gives a "cruising" speed practically equal to its maximum—that of the 40-50 h.p. Rolls-Royce

This Vauxhall engine is notable for its neat and straightforward layout in addition to its smooth running qualities



The Riley power unit holds no terrors for these women drivers. A busy scene at Brooklands

In process of construction: a Standard chassis at the works being critically examined by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester

I SOMETIMES think that there is only one thing more difficult than buying a car, namely, advising someone else on buying one. This is particularly so nowadays, when the general standard of motor engineering is so uniformly high. The choice no longer lies between the good and bad makes, but rather between those which are completely satisfying and those which are merely adequate.

The matter is, therefore, very largely one of individual taste. This, one might imagine, would make for simplicity, but, in practice, it often proves very difficult to exercise one's individual taste intelligently. When women discuss their shopping, one often hears the remark: "I thought I was going to like that hat (or that frock) when I bought it, but somehow it has never suited me." One may smile, but many a man has spent £500 or £1,000 in buying a motor-car, and has had to make the same confession.

WHAT is the cause of this? I imagine that it lies in the very human failing of jumping too hastily to conclusions. The hat seems just right when viewed in the shop by artificial light, and the car appears to be just what is wanted when examined in the showroom and demonstrated by the cheerful salesman. Then comes the real test under everyday conditions—and the result is disillusionment.

Unless one has a very clear idea of the precise qualities that one is looking for, this is always liable to happen. In the matter of performance, for instance, it is not enough to ask merely, "How fast will this car go?" The salesman will probably give a perfectly truthful answer, but he is likely to base his figures on what a specially tuned model has done under favourable conditions, rather than on *what* an average car, in moderately good order, may be expected to do with an amateur driver at the wheel.

Moreover, there is a vast difference, which varies with every make—and, to a lesser extent, with every individual car—between the maximum speed obtainable and the cruising, or *maximum comfortable*, speed. It is generally a fair estimate to put the cruising speed at three-quarters of the maximum, e.g., to expect a really comfortable 45 m.p.h. from a car which can do 60 m.p.h. "all out," but even this calculation is not infallible.

WHEN I am testing a car preparatory to writing a review of it, as I have recently been doing for this page, I usually scribble a few brief notes as an aid to memory. One essential entry is "Speed," followed by the maximum and cruising figures. I calculate the maximum figure by taking the highest speed actually recorded, subtracting what I estimate to be the error, if any, of the speedometer, and adding, where it has not been possible to go quite "all out," my estimate of what extra speed appeared to remain in hand.

The cruising figure I take as being the highest at which the engine will retain its normal degree of silence, and at which it remains free from vibration or any other symptoms of what I describe as "fussiness." At cruising speed, the car should also "sit down" on the road with absolute steadiness.

Now, while the normal figures are, as I have indicated, in the ratio of 60 : 45 or 80 : 60, a big variation is by no means uncommon. One famous car produced the figures 60 : 80. This meant that it could be driven on full throttle all day and every day without damage to itself or discomfort to its passengers—a truly remarkable performance.

A SMALL car, on the other hand, once gave me the figures 75 : 35, which tell a very different tale. Here was a little engine which had been "hotted up" to turn over at something like 5,000 revolutions per minute. The job had not been well done, and the result was high speed accompanied by a great deal of noise, vibration, and general "fuss." Woe betide the man who buys that car with the intention of running it consistently at 70 m.p.h.!

MY advice to the ordinary man, therefore, who wishes to cruise at 40-50 m.p.h., is not to bother too much about maximum speed. "About sixty" should be good enough. When he takes a trial run, however, he should ask the demonstrator to find an open stretch of road and try to hold 45 m.p.h. for a period of about a minute. He should then lean back, listen to the engine note, and ask himself: "How should I enjoy sitting behind this engine, running at this speed, for a spell of a couple of hours?" That is the real test.

It is the same with the indirect gears. "Four-speed gearbox: 45 m.p.h. in third gear" sounds very satisfactory, but it may mean anything or nothing. In the first place, it is not every four-speed gearbox that contains four really practical and useful gears. Some manufacturers provide what is really a three-speed gearbox, to which they add one absurdly low gear. They usually admit quite frankly that "you will never need to use first gear," and would no doubt be rather hurt if told that some people object to paying good money for being encumbered with a pair of useless pinions.

We must remember, therefore, that it is quite possible for three well-spaced gears to be more valuable than four badly-spaced ones. Other things being equal, however, good drivers will derive advantage from a four-speed 'box, whereas three speeds will perhaps be simpler for the novice.

AS regards speed in the indirect gears, we must again draw a distinction between the maximum and cruising paces. The useful speed of a third gear, for instance, is that at which it will tackle a long hill without "over-revving" the engine or producing excessive noise. With a maximum third gear speed of 45 m.p.h., I should expect to be able to climb indefinitely at 30-35 m.p.h. Again, cruising speed should be about three-quarters of the maximum, and, yet again, considerable variation may be expected between cars of different make and type.

OBEDIENT ALBERT

A Highly Moral Tale

Young Albert was an orphan lad,
No loving parents Albert had;
A maiden Aunt looked after him
And she was very strict and prim.

She made him wear hygienic vests
(Which any normal boy detests)
And gave him vitamins to eat,
With carbohydrates for a treat.

Till he was twenty-one years old
Young Albert did as he was told;
He read improving kinds of books,
And never entered pastry-cooks.

He carried out his Aunt's advice:—
"Don't ever eat and drink what's nice
(As self-indulgent people do)
But only what is good for you."

So once when he went out to dine
He told the waiter: "Bring no wine,
No coffee, ginger-beer or tea—
Bring something that is good for me."

The waiter bowed and went away,
And brought back on a little tray
A brimming glass with creamy head;
"This must be what you want" he said.

Young Albert raised it to his lips
And took a few inquiring sips,
And soon a kind of holy joy
Lit up the features of the boy.

"What is this beverage?" he cried;
"Guinness" the serving-man replied;
"Then Guinness" Albert vowed "shall be
The only beverage for me!"

"How glad I am that I paid heed
To what my worthy Aunt decreed!
It's obvious that Auntie knew
That Guinness is the World's Best Brew."

Moral

The Moral is that even cranks
Occasionally earn our thanks.

GUINNESS
is good for you

G.E.260

Other Nations are also Kind to Dogs! By Lady Kitty Ritson

THERE is a universal belief that we are the kindest race in the world to all animals, but especially to dogs. This is a delightful idea, and it is charming to pat ourselves on the back (an action which we love to perform at all times and in all places), and to regard ourselves as the animals' paradise.

However, I am not at all sure that we have any reason to do so. What of the ghastly cases of cruelty of which one so often reads in the papers? And there are many unrecorded cases, too, with which one comes in contact. Now the Danes are extraordinarily kind to all animals, and so are the Swedes and Norwegians. Even the Lapps have a code of their own about animals. There is a legend that the dog made a compact with man and said: "When I am old, you must not leave me to drag myself about, but be merciful and strangle me." The mode of death may not strike one as very merciful, but the thought is good. Up to a short time ago (it may still be so), the Danes were so kind that no branch of the R.S.P.C.A. was needed in Denmark.

THE Germans are very fond of dogs indeed, and treat them much as we do ourselves, and their horses, on the whole, are kept in excellent condition. It is seldom that a German is cruel for the pleasure of being cruel, like the French, and, even more so, the Belgian peasant. In their military and police training of dogs, the Germans can be very severe, even brutal, but it is always as a means to an end. When I was training in the German State School at Grünheide, I saw a certain amount of hard usage, but if a scholar were discovered to be losing his temper with his dog, he got a pretty severe "strafing."

Of course, generalisations are always dangerous. There are plenty of French, Italian, and, I suppose, even Spanish people who are devoted to their dogs. Mussolini has done a great deal of good in this respect, and animals are much better treated in Italy than they were.

Two prize sheep-dogs at the Tring Agricultural Show: Mrs. Bradford's Diana Dell and Colin

ALTHOUGH the dog is regarded as an unclean animal by Eastern races, there are plenty of favourite dogs belonging to individuals. One is obliged to have a dog boy in India, but I know that Ibrahim, who was my husband's bearer and a Mohammedan, was devoted to my Pom B.B. On one occasion I came home from a dance, to find him stretched on the floor, consoling B.B., who was only a puppy, by talking to him under the crack in the door, which was locked. He had heard him crying, and had been so upset that he had done what he could. It was a good deal more than many an English person would have done, and, on the whole, Indian servants become very attached to their masters' dogs. I had an ayah who so loved a mongrel puppy, which I could not take with me to Quetta on account of regulations, that she begged to be allowed to keep it as her pet.

IN the far north of Siberia, the inhabitants of the Indigirka are noted for being fine dog-breeders, and they are very fond and proud of their dogs. Some of the Khirghiz in Russian Turkestan also look after their sheep-dogs very well, and are moderately fond of them, but, on the other hand, the Sarts loathe dogs, as they believe that they keep away the good spirits.

But the fact remains that I am not at all sure that we are much in advance of other nations in our treatment of dogs.

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

I DO not think it is generally known how very versatile a sportsman is Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley. He has taken a leading part both in Canada and in this country in boxing, polo, swimming, ice-hockey, rackets, and, more recently, golf. And in spite of the fact that he is a very busy man as Managing Director of the Greyhound Racing Association, not to mention his other business activities, which are extensive, he still finds time for an occasional game of polo, ice-hockey, or rackets, and for a great many games of golf. This is in part due to the fact that General Critchley firmly believes a man cannot give of his best in his business unless he is physically fit, but it cannot be denied that the General's interest in his games makes it easy for him to follow his axiom.

BUT General Critchley is not entirely concerned with his own sports. Lurking at the back of his mind there has been for some time a desire to foster and encourage sport and athletics among school children of this country, and he has been casting around for a method of doing this. His ideas have now taken a definite shape, in his ambition to see as many of the Greyhound Racing stadiums in this country used occasionally by school children for their sports and athletics. As a preliminary to this large scheme, a big party of children from twenty-seven schools, situated in the Northern London area, recently spent a very happy day in the country as guests of the Greyhound Racing Association. They travelled from Finsbury Park to Northaw, which, as all greyhound racing enthusiasts know, is the magnificent training centre of over a hundred and forty acres, which was acquired and has been fitted up by the Greyhound Racing Association in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired by owner, trainer, or greyhound.

Donkey-rides were included in the programme arranged by the Greyhound Racing Association for the London school children who were their guests at a picnic and outing at Northaw, their wonderfully-arranged training centre

NORTHAW is a place which is very well worth a visit, and those who go there come away with two new sensations, regardless of how much they may have thought they knew about greyhound racing before they went there. The first is a feeling of wonder that so much should have been done in so short a time, and the second, a complete understanding of the Greyhound Racing Association's claim that the sport, as run on their tracks, is the cleanest of any sport in the world. When it is realised how impossible it is made for anyone, even remotely connected with greyhounds, to manufacture the result of a race in any way—and a visit to Northaw certainly does make the visitor realise this—the follower of greyhound racing can well afford to smile at the ill-informed sneers of the biassed kill-joy.

THE outing about which I have just been talking, took the form of a picnic, and an attractive programme of sports and athletics had been prepared for the youngsters, and was much enjoyed by them. It is the intention of the Greyhound Racing Association in the near future to arrange a similar picnic and outing for school-children living in the neighbourhood of the White City.

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(11th Year) Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1932

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(8th Year) Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th, 1932

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

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CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 15th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by post card. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 15th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reduction of handicap should be notified at once to Miss Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BRITANNIA AND EVE Foursomes final during 1931 or 1932, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, be put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists.*

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both Foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss Helme of the change.*

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

The GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (1932)

(ORGANISED BY "THE BYSTANDER")

Scratch Match-play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges, September 14th, 15th, and 16th. No Qualifiying Round.

Open to all girls of any nationality who will be under nineteen years of age on September 13th, 1932.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Thursday, September 1st, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below, and will be repeated in the August numbers.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match-play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 14th, 15th and 16th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The proprietors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 15th by players beaten in the first, second and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court who remains in the championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Mothers and chaperones of competitors playing in the championship will be eligible to compete in competitions for handicap prizes presented by THE BYSTANDER, to be played at Stoke Poges on September 14th and 15th. Conditions will be posted at Stoke Poges on September 13th.

Competitors may practise free of charge on Monday, September 12th.

ACCOMMODATION

Accommodation may be had for competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms 18s. per day. Apply to the Manager, Stoke Court,

BAYLIS HOUSE HOTEL, STOKE POGES LANE, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms 15s. per day, or 12s. without lunch. Apply to the Manager, Baylis House.

ROYAL HOTEL, SLOUGH (Trust House). Terms from 16s. per day, inclusive of all meals.

STOKE POGES CLUB HOUSE. Terms 18s. per day. Apply immediately—accomodation very limited—to the Secretary, Stoke Poges Club, Slough.

Early application is recommended to all of thesse.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON . AUGUST

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of

..... *of which I am a member.*

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1932 No entrance fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, September 15th.

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES—
Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th

ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES—
Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above addresss

ENTRANCE FORM No Entrance Fee

"The Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,
Stoke Poges, September 14th, 15th, and 16th.

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, September 1st.

Please enter

Miss .....

Home Address .....

.....

Date and year of birth.....*Club, if any*.....

Telephone No......

Letters of a Lady Golfer *(Continued from page 323)*

A week later, there will be the United Services meeting at Northwood, and then, after a brief breather, in which, presumably, somebody will win the *Star* finals, on November 3, there is the W.A.S.A. and Fairway and Hazard Open meeting at Wentworth, another event which always means a waiting list. Once again, like the road-menders' notices say, "YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED."

THEN we turn to 1933, and Ranelagh fills the bill extensively. First the L.G.U. International Meeting on April 5 and 6, then on April 24 the Mothers' and Daughters' Medal Foursomes, got up by the Veteran Women's G.A. That competition was a terrific success last year, and everybody will thirst this year for the blood of Mrs. and Miss White, from Roehampton, who returned something absurd right down in the net sixties—and a gross score which some Internationals would not have been ashamed to hand in. The Hon. Sec. of the Vets. has begged me to shout the date from the housetops, so that county captains will avoid it, as there are a great many Daughters, if not Mothers, in county teams, and it would be a nice question between county and filial duty, not to mention pleasure, if the dates clashed. Having sent the children home to bed, so to speak, the Veterans will then settle down themselves to the serious business of their championship at Ranelagh for the next three days, concluding with the usual uproarious dinner.

MY own personal sadness is that I cannot be there because of another little fixture of some importance—THE BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, which start at Moortown, the famous Leeds course, on the 25th. That is a fixture to note, for, judging by what happened when the Northern were played at Alwoodley two years ago, there will be a waiting list as long as your arm. Only don't let anybody enter now for that: forms will appear here in due course (some time in February, I suppose). But it is never too soon to fill up a fixture list, or snaffle the best partners. And you might note, if you thought we turned on rather a cold tap in the weather line at Alwoodley, and Lytham, and Woodhall, and other spots the Northern have visited, that this is three weeks later than usual, so perhaps things will be a little less frigid.

The championship is to be at Gleneagles, May 15, the Scottish at Turnberry, date to follow. Quite pleasant prospects, eh!

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

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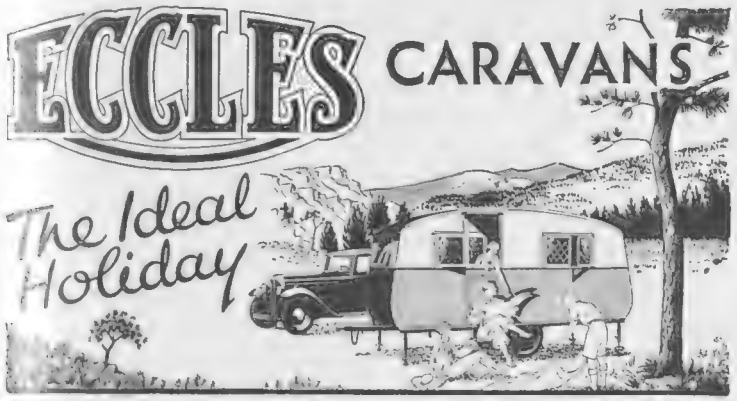

There is still time for caravanning. The 14 ft. 6 ins. ECCLES Lightweight Caravan provides every comfort. Two rooms, four berths, and completely fitted. The most durable and best equipped caravan on the road - - - - - - £165
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The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

"thank you!"

"... that's very kind of you, but really there's no secret whatever about my good complexion. I live a healthy life, of course, but I think I ought to give Wright's the credit for your compliment.

"Wright's is the double-purpose soap. It guards my skin, and its antiseptic properties guard my health. That's as much as I can expect any soap to do ... that's why I use Wright's."

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

6d. per tablet. British Made.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

LUNCHEON

HORS D'ŒUVRES VARIÉS
FILETS DE SOLE À LA BÉCHAMEL
CÔTELETTES D'AGNEAU AUX TOMATES
GROUSE RÔTI
PAIN D'ANANAS À LA ROYALE
CAFÉ

Filets de Sole à la Béchamel

SKIN two soles and remove the fillets, trim them and put in a buttered sauté-pan. Season with pepper and salt, moisten with a glass of white wine, and cook in the oven for ten minutes. Make a good Béchamel sauce, mixed with about a tablespoonful of grated cheese, cover the fillets with this, and sprinkle over them some breadcrumbs, grated cheese and oiled butter. Bake in a hot oven for ten minutes, and serve.

Côtelettes d'Agneau aux Tomates

FLOUR some cutlets lightly. Fry a sliced Spanish onion and three or four tomatoes seasoned with pepper and salt; then put in the cutlets and fry till well browned: remove them, and place in a casserole with the tomatoes. Strain the gravy from the onions, thicken with a little flour, and cook for ten minutes—or, if in the oven, for about half-an-hour. A little macaroni cooked separately and added before serving is an improvement.

Grouse Rôti

A BRACE of grouse will require ½ lb. of butter to baste them; this should be put in a basin and allowed to melt before pouring over the birds. They require frequent basting while being cooked, and thin slices of crisp toast should be placed to receive the drippings, and the toasts placed under each bird when served. Gravy or thin melted butter (the latter is more often used in Scotland) can be served with the birds.

Pain d'Ananas à la Royale

TAKE half a pint of grated pineapple, ½ oz. of leaf gelatine, one tablespoonful of sherry, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, 2 ozs. of sugar, and the whites of two eggs. Dissolve the gelatine in the lemon-juice and a little water, then put it into a saucepan with the pineapple and sugar, and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Leave it to cool, first adding the sherry, and when almost cold, add the whipped whites of the eggs, and pour into a mould to set. Place on ice until required to serve.

A Very Vulgar Woman *(continued from page 321)*

"They were so terribly worked up that they may have said more than they meant to, but their behaviour out there showed how deeply they felt about it all."

"It 's a ticklish business," was all I could say.

"D' you think it would be any good, Denys, if you had a quiet talk to each of them alone?" Cora asked, to my surprise and discomfort.

This was using a confidant too hardly, I thought. But I supposed I ought to do something to calm Cora's obvious distress—and in return for her hospitality.

"I doubt it," I said.

"Oh, please try," Cora urged. "You don't know how grateful I should be."

I melted a little.

"If you could give me more particulars," I said weakly, "I *might* be able to do something." Women in distress—even women like Cora—can usually wear me down in time.

Cora touched me gratefully on the knee. I tried not to flinch.

"Oh!" she cried, "it would be awfully kind of you. I 'm sure if you spoke to them privately they would see reason at once."

I hesitated a moment.

"There is one question I should have to ask before promising," I said, trying not to commit myself to any definite action.

"I 'll tell you anything, if only you 'll help," Cora said eagerly. "What more is there you want to know?"

"Only this," I said diffidently. "You must forgive my ignorance, but the fact is I don't know who Mortimer and James are."

Cora's self-pitying sniffle disappeared in her well-known horsey laugh.

"Of course," she said, relieved, presumably, that my question was so unembarrassing to answer. "How stupid of me! I ought to have explained. Mortimer is my chauffeur, and James is my darling second footman!" D. A.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

"DO YOU MAKE UP?—AND HOW!"
IF YOU USE ROUGE ON LIPS OR CHEEKS DO SO WITH DISCRETION, ARTISTRY AND EFFECT

THE sceptical may wonder if that locked upper drawer of my lady's cabinet in Victorian days always contained a packet of love letters, bound with blue ribbon and perfumed by the fragrant lips and fingers which had touched them, or whether, sometimes, a secret box of rouge and even an eyebrow pencil were hidden in the locked-up drawer!

To-day, a woman's make-up drawer or her "beauty cabinet" are open to the world. An inconsiderable minority pretend that they do not enhance their beauty with a "bloom" of powder, a touch of rouge when necessary, and the use of a lipstick. At the other end of the scale are those who affect an "amusing maquillage" and go so far as to produce mask-like effects with liquid powders, scarlet-painted mouths and heavily farded eyes.

But, for the vast majority of normal women, the "art" of make-up consists of improving their appearance, enhancing their colouring, emphasising good points and toning down defects, without making themselves conspicuous or artificial in appearance.

It has not been generally recognised that cosmetics have different effects on different complexions. A rouge which looks deep red or orange in a pot or a "stick," applied to one skin, will appear darker, to another, will turn more pink and, naturally, the "tone" may be regulated by the amount applied.

THERE is one firm which manufactures cosmetics which appreciates these chemical, psychological, or social, facts and, reading one of their booklets the other day, I was struck by the intelligent and well-nigh maternal advice they give their customers.

The firm I am thinking of are the manufacturers of the well-known beauty products of which the trade name is "Tangee."

For instance, "If you make up to appear natural, two things must be borne in mind—the time of day and the colours in your costume." Suggestions follow as to the amount of cosmetics which can be used in the morning, afternoon, and at night, with the sensible admonition to use little make-up with sports clothes.

Many years ago my mother, who was platitudinous, but sound, said to me: "The art of good dressing is to dress appropriately." Even then the phrase may have demanded inverted commas. But it is true, and equally true of make-up.

The "Tangee" booklet on "The Art of Make-Up" contains another extremely wise recommendation: "Be sure that your dressing-table is in a light where you can at all times see that your make-up appears natural. Best results come from practice. . . ."

Recently a famous man, asked his opinion about women of a certain country, said, of course, that they were beautiful, but could not refrain from a codicil: "But I think they all make up in the dark."

There is no excuse for such a condemnation when manufacturers of beauty products are at such pains to be helpful, and advice like that I have quoted argues not merely determination to sell, but a genuine desire that clients should obtain the best possible results.

THE Tangee Crème rouge is the easiest to apply for a natural effect, and it blends with the normal complexion, whatever it may be. The powder rouge can be used for more vivid effects. Like the famous lipstick, they both "stay put"—until removed with soap and water.

The same firm produces a cleansing and nourishing cream for use at night, a day cream and an impalpable powder in a number of shades. Their own booklets will tell you all about them; I am at present only concerned with the rouge for cheeks and lips which, used according to their instructions, can produce a variety of satisfying effects, blends naturally with all complexions, and can be appropriate in any circumstance.

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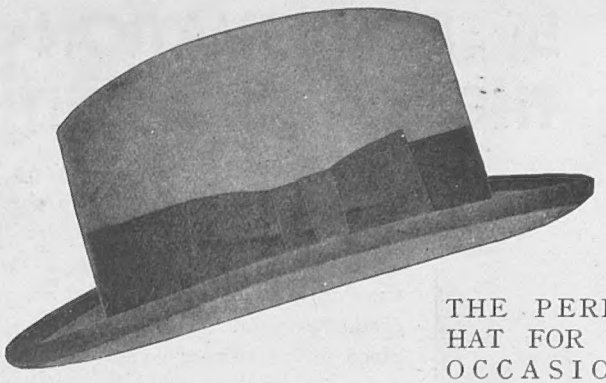

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THE BURBERRY

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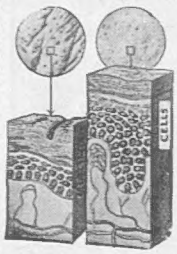
Really beautiful skin is the creation of Nature and no external application can charm it on to the face. As you grow older the skin becomes loose, wrinkles and crowsfeet develop, and your youthful appearance gradually fades. This ageing process takes place in the deeper layers of the skin and cosmetics applied on the surface merely conceal the evidence of age. Creams, lotions and powders do not reach these deeper layers and are helpless to induce natural renovation and growth of the skin tissues which are undergoing the process of ageing. If the skin is to retain and regain its youthful beauty the tissues must be revitalised from within.

Section on left shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled and dry scales peeling off, poor layer of active tissue, cells shrunk to three rows.

Section on right shows skin after treatment with W-5 brand tablets: surface smooth and firm; rich active tissue; increased rows of cells some of which are growing; improved nutrition and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.



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The Thread of Destiny

"Upon what trifles hangs the destiny of man" says Voltaire, and did not the immortal Mr. Micawber declare that a single sixpence could represent all the difference between misery and happiness?

"David, my boy", he might have said, "income 20/-, expenditure 20/6d, result, misery. Income 20/- and expenditure 19/6, result, happiness and"—*a packet of*

Player's

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT. REGISTERED TRADE MARK

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND), LIMITED.

NCC 63.

A MAGAZINE MADE FOR AUGUST

With Stories that thrill, interest and enlighten

"The elephant rolled like a boat on a wind-less ground swell, and the sun beat down like hot brass. There was neither road nor trace of human footstep. The mahout, who was more than half-asleep, allowed the elephant to choose his own way in the general direction of the rock-ribbed hills. Chullunder Ghose sat upright underneath a black umbrella, because he could not otherwise, with any comfort, hold the thing between his fat face and the sun. Larry O'Hara sat on the other side of the howdah, also upright, because anything whatever interested him. He had the kind of blue-grey eyes that only sleep at night, and even then as trigger-lightly as a watch-dog's.

"Sahib," said the babu, "we have a proverb that the hypocrite asks always for the bird, but that the valorous man asks only for the bow and arrows."

"Well, what of it?" asked O'Hara.

"This obese and talkative babu, intimidated by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, is a Hamlet who has seen what U.S.A. Americans would call a lot of hot stuff, and a lot more cheap baloney. Life is like that: two-thirds hokum. And the other third is nearly nine-tenths stupid. Just about a tenth of one per cent. of life is hell and heaven, mixed into a drunken and beautiful madness. But that is enough. I am mad. You are mad. This elephant is mad. And so is Lalla Lingo. *Verb sap.*"

"What's wrong with the elephant?" O'Hara asked him.

"He obeys us. He could shake us off, and roll the howdah off, and run to where a hundred elephants are roaming wild and uncontaminated by a sense of duty."

"Lalla Lingo?"

"Is a man of many talents, without philosophy enough to cherish them beneath a sense of humour in the autocratic solitude he might enjoy if he were only not a propagandist. Think of him. He owns a village, whose inhabitants believe he is a god in an imported suit of Palm Beach reach-me-downs. It is an honour if he takes their women. It is privilege to them to build his house, and grow his corn, and bring him meat. He has his books, his European education, and an income that is ample for exotic needs. And yet he wants more. So he subsidizes murder—"

"We don't actually know that," said O'Hara.

"And he subsidizes the police—"

O'Hara interrupted: "That is also something that we can't prove . . ."

"CASE THIRTEEN" *by Talbot Mundy* proves that a little play acting is a useful thing, even in the Secret Service. A gripping story for an afternoon on holiday.

This beautiful signed portrait of

TALLULAH BANKHEAD

GIVEN AWAY

with this issue

"Look here, old girl, I've been thinking it over and if you really insist I'm prepared to do all I possibly can to help you. . . ."

All Azalea's life reluctant people, looking shame-faced, had constantly come to her and said they were ready to do something for her that previously they had sworn they would never do.

In 1909, a mere Saul among prophets, on witnessing the defeat by Azalea, aged four, of her septuagenarian grandfather (educated Eton and Balliol College, Oxford; called to the bar in 1860; Q.C. 1871; King's Bench Judge 1889; Victorian to the backbone, irascible and unbending) in a battle of wills that ended in Sir Mervyn obediently crawling on her mother's dusty drawing room carpet beneath a moth-eaten tiger-skin rug, would have predicted a masterful career for the auburn-haired imp on whose bronze eyes anger seemed to encrust a greenish patina.

Nurses, their bodies stiffened by whalebone, their wills indurated and their wits sharpened by years of conflict with nursery mutineers, either walked the plank or laid down not only their arms but their entire personalities for Azalea to trample on. Other servants—even butlers who called her the little devil in their pantries—after suffering the pressure of Azalea's thumb in silence, only maintained that sturdy independence of character, which is the British domestic's birthright, by subsequently being covertly ruder than usual to Azalea's parents. . . ."

A good Society story by George Froxfield—"AZALEA ABDICATES" . . . a rather risky experiment in matrimonial strategy.

Get it at the Bookstall as you go on holiday

"CASE THIRTEEN" *by Talbot Munday*
"FAST LADIES" *by Barré Lyndon*
"THE LAST LOVER OF MATA-HARI" *by Henry Baerlein*
"THE GENTLE ART OF LOSING MILLIONS" *by Shaw Desmond*
"PEARL DIVERS" *by William J. Makin*
"REAL ROBINSON CRUSOES" *by C. Fox Smith*
"VENETIAN GLORY" *by J. F. Duyer*
"HOLLYWOOD-ON-SEA" *by Margaret Chute*
"HIS MAJESTY'S AERONAUTS" *by J. G. Sarasin*
"QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO" *by F. Matania, R.I.*
"SUPPRESS THE BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE" *by Margery Lawrence*
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THE AUGUST ISSUE OF

BRITANNIA AND EVE